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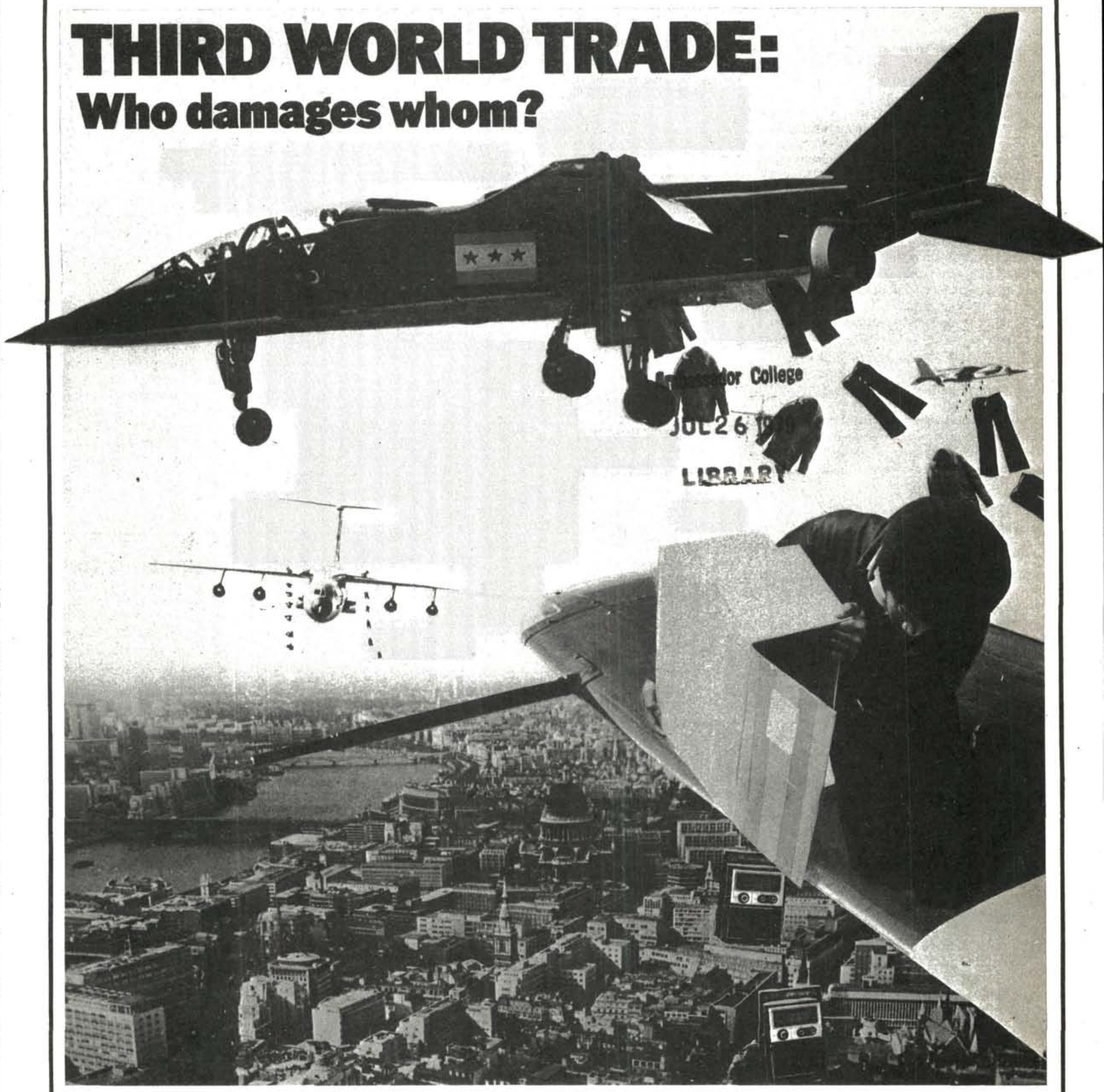
NEW STATESMAN



THIRD WORLD TRADE:
Who damages whom?

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The European Left in disarray

Czech cartoonists in revolt

London's South Bank: The speculators' dream?

James Fenton: Walter Benjamin

Craig Raine: Stanley Spencer

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Nuclear cruise missile to be built in Britain

Denys Blakeway writes: British Aerospace now say they 'believe a nuclear cruise missile can be built in the UK'. Their conclusions come as a result of research financed by the last Labour government costing £120,000. Officials at British Aerospace deny the research was a result of government contracts and state unofficially that it was merely the result of prudent investigation of international developments. It is quite plain, however, that Mr Mulley authorised £120,000 for the research. On 21 March last year, and again on 13 February this year, he affirmed in Parliament to Frank Allaun that the contract had been placed.

This can be seen as the first step in replacing Polaris, Britain's independent nuclear deterrent. Work on the cruise missile will probably start in 18 months time, Allaun estimates, and the weapon be completed in ten years. This seems all the more likely in view of Mrs Thatcher's hawkish statements to *Time* magazine, SALT II's banning of American deployment of such missiles more than 600 km from their targets, and NATO ministers' recent agreement to increase defence spending by £2,000m.

Building the missile itself is inexpensive; what is fantastically expensive is the complex microcircuitry which guides this deadly accurate weapon. British Aerospace admit that home firms cannot construct the electronic map of Europe needed to guide the weapon. Thus the most costly part of Britain's independent deterrent will be contracted out to American manufacturers.

London court frees ZAPU officials

Francis Wheen writes: Two London-based officials of Josuah Nkomo's ZAPU were acquitted at West Ham magistrates' court this week on charges arising from an incident at an East London restaurant earlier this year. The verdict may offer some comfort to the beleaguered black population of Newham and other East London areas.

On 24 February this year, Harold Peter Ndlovu chaired a ZAPU-organised meeting at the University of London Union, at which his colleague Tafara Herbert Musikavanhu presented some papers. After the meeting finished at 9.30 pm the men had two pints of beer each and then set off together for their homes in East London. When they arrived in Stratford they decided to have a meal first, and entered the Apollo Steak House in the Grove, Stratford. Before he could sit down, however, Mr Musikavanhu was punched several times in the face by a white customer at the restaurant; two other heavily-built white men then escorted the hapless pair out of the steak house.

When the police finally arrived Mr Musikavanhu was still bleeding, and he and his colleague assumed the police would arrest the assailants. Not a bit of it: Mr Ndlovu and Mr Musikavanhu were themselves driven to West Ham police station where, in the early hours of the morning, Mr Musikavanhu was charged with being drunk and disorderly and Mr Ndlovu with wilfully obstructing the highway and wilfully obstructing a police officer in the execution of his duties.

The sheer improbability of much of the police evidence was gradually exposed by defence counsel (a doctor from Queen Mary's Hospital, who had examined Mr Musikavanhu hours after the incident, testified to the extent of his injuries) and in the end the bench had little alternative but to dismiss the case.

It has yet to be seen whether this decision will affect another case involving the Newham police, which goes to the Court of Appeal on 7 June. As reported last year (NS 20.10.78), four brothers of the Virk family were allegedly attacked by a gang of white youths outside their home in Newham. As in the case of Mr Ndlovu and Mr Musikavanhu, when they called the police they found themselves arrested, and were charged with assault and causing actual bodily harm. When sentencing Joginder Singh Virk to *seven years* imprisonment, with shorter terms for his brothers, Judge Michael Argyle commented that 'justice in this country is even-handed'.

New report backs national minimum wage

Frank Field writes: Unlike the last government, Margaret Thatcher's team does not even pretend to have a policy against low pay. Yet the latest figures show that the gap is widening between the lowest paid male workers and those with average earnings; and it looks like widening still further with a return to free collective bargaining in the private sector. A number of unions have already signalled their wish to re-open negotiations on pay agreements reached early in 'Phase Four'. But so far no union has requested a special meeting with any of the 41 wages councils which set minimum rates in different industrial sectors.

It may well be time for the Labour movement to rethink its approach to the problem – and a new report from Incomes Data Services*, which examines the working of national minimum wage levels, could provide some useful new ammunition.

In France a statutory minimum wage covers all industrial and commercial establishments with ten or more employees. Those working in small firms, and in sectors employing large numbers of unskilled and/or female workers, are most likely to have their wages set by the statutory provisions. French trade unions look upon their involvement in setting the new minimum wage as a service to those low paid workers whom they have so far failed to organise effectively. This involvement has paid handsome dividends to the low paid. Since 1970 prices have doubled but the minimum wage has risen by about three and a half times, and has grown faster than the average hourly wage rate for blue collar workers.

In Holland, every worker who is employed for more than a third of normal hours is entitled to a minimum wage. The proportion of workers covered by the statutory right has risen since its introduction ten years ago. Today about 15 per cent of all employees fall within the scope of the minimum wage. The adult minimum is equivalent to about three quarters of average earnings and between 1974 and 1977 the real disposable income of the minimum wage earners rose by 18 per cent compared with 10 per cent for employees on average wages.

During the next five years, help for the low paid in Britain is unlikely to arrive by any means other than a national minimum wage. British trade unions should note that there is no evidence in France or Holland to suggest that a minimum wage has led to higher unemployment or greater inflation – the two big arguments used to oppose the reform in this country.

**IDS International Report, 92*

Broadcasting union drops support for ITV2

Our correspondent writes: The debate on the fourth television channel at last weekend's annual conference of the Association of Cinematograph, Television and Allied Technicians took on a special significance after the announcement in the Queen's Speech that the channel would be awarded to the IBA 'subject to strict safeguards' and *not* (as many newspapers have reported) to ITV. For two years the ACTT has had a policy – hurriedly formulated with inadequate debate among members – of supporting ITV2. There were many who thought such a policy revealed a narrow concern for job security and little consideration of the political and social implications, not to mention the apparent lunacy of handing yet more power and more money to the present ITV contractors.

Last weekend's debate brought out the conflict of interests within the union: on one side were most of the permanently employed staff in ITV, anxious to secure their future by supporting ITV2; on the other were independent freelance and film production sectors, together with some of the more influential television shops such as Thames Euston and Granada London, who wanted, for a variety of reasons, to see the existing monopoly broken. Ironically, the death of Annan's OBA concept, tainted for many by the idea of state subsidy and hopeless idealism, united left and right in favour of an independent channel and ensured the passage of an emergency motion which overturned the union's policy by a decisive vote of 111 to 55.

Sir Keith's Reading list

ON ARRIVAL at the Department of Industry as Minister, Sir Keith Joseph gave his civil servants a reading list so that they might understand the philosophical basis on which the Department would be run during his reign. Here is the list.

Prof P. T. Bauer – *Class on the Brain, The cost of a British Obsession:* Centre for Policy Studies

Samuel Brittan – (1) *Second thoughts on full employment:* Centre for Policy Studies; (2) *Government and market Economy*: Hobart Paperback IEA

Frank Broadway – *Upper Clyde Shipbuilders*: Centre for Policy Studies

Jock Bruce-Gardyne – *Meriden, Odyssey of a Lame Duck*: Centre for Policy Studies

J. Burton – *The Job Support Machine*: Centre for Policy Studies

S.N.S. Cheung – *The Myth of Social Cost*: IEA Hobart Paper 82

Colin Clark – *The Political Economy of a Christian Society*: PF Swarbrick

Jane Jacobs – *The Economy of Cities*: Pelican

Peter Jay – *Employment, Inflation and Politics*: IEA Occasional Paper 46

John Jewkes – *Delusions of Dominance:* IEA Hobart Paper 76

Sir Keith Joseph – (1) *Why Britain needs a social market economy:* Centre for Policy Studies; (2) *Reversing the Trend*: Barry Rose Publishers; (3) *Stranded on the Middle Ground*: Centre for Policy Studies; (4) *Conditions for Fuller Employment*: Centre for Policy Studies; (5) *Monetarism is Not Enough*: Centre for Policy Studies; (6) *Solving the Union Problem is the Key to Britain's Recovery*: Centre for Policy Studies; (7) *Bibliography of Freedom*: Centre for Policy Studies

Frank Knight – *Risk, Uncertainty and Profit*: University of Chicago Press

S. C. Littlechild – *The Fallacy of the Mixed Economy*: IEA Hobart Paper 80

James Martin – *The Wild Society*

Frank Mcfadzean – *The Economics of John Kenneth Galbraith: Centre for Policy Studies*

Lord Robbins – Liberty and Equality: IEA Occasional Paper 52

J. A. Schumpeter – *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy*: Unwin University Books

Adam Smith – (1) *Wealth of Nations*: Everyman; (2) *Theory of Moral Sentiments*

A. de Toqueville – *Democracy in America*: Mentor

W. Niskanen – *Bureaucracy: Servant or Master*: IEA Hobart Paperback 5

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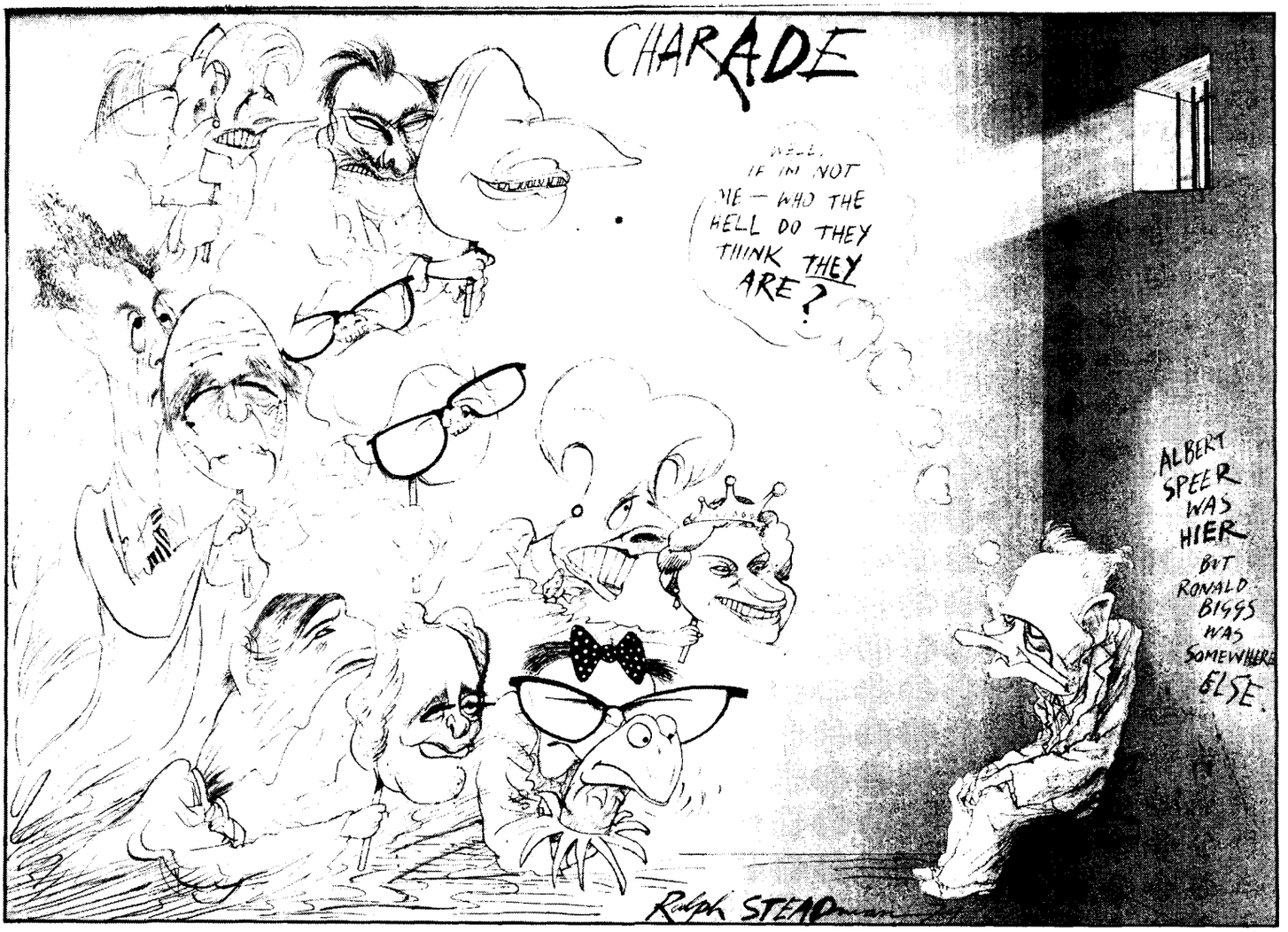
CHARADE
WELL, IF IN NOT ME – WHO THE HELL DO THEY THINK THEY ARE?
ALBERT SPEER WAS HIER BUT RONALD BIGGS WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE.
Ralph STEAD

NOTES

The motion stated that the fourth channel 'would draw *the majority* of its programmes from a variety of British independent production sources other than the existing ITCA companies'. The ACTT now joins the advertising industry, the IBA and anti-monopolists in the government such as Home Secretary William Whitelaw, in opposing the domination of the medium by the ITCA (Independent Television Companies Association).

Chronic damp in half a million homes

Phillip Morris Writes: Repeated suggestions in the press than public spending cuts will include local authority housing subsidies come as bad news to more than a million council tenants who live in damp housing conditions. According to report by Shelter, to be published shortly, between six and ten per cent of all council homes are affected by chronic damp – which amounts to approximately half a million dwellings. The figure does not include any of the 175,000 houses categorised as unfit.

Only recently has dampness been recognised as a major housing scandal. Its main cause is condensation. For years, councils have tended to blame the tenants for the green and black moulds that have caked their walls, rendered bedrooms and cupboards useless, and damaged health. Council officials have been in the habit of advising their tenants to open their windows or keep expensive heating systems running in every room – conveying an attitude of moral disapproval. As a result, dampness has been under-reported by tenants and disregarded by local authorities.

Shelter puts the blame for dampness squarely on inadequate design, and architects' failure to anticipate styles of living which included spin dryers and washing machines. Surveys have shown that the system building of the late 1950s and early 1960s was particularly troublesome, with as many as 20 per cent of homes constructed in that period now affected by damp. It was a time when the number of council houses erected was a test of political virility: untried designs and techniques were employed, often with disastrous consequences.

More recent designs have also become waterlogged. In Ruthin, North Wales, 140 steel houses built only 11 years ago have become so badly affected by chronic damp that the council has decided to demolish them. In the London borough of Hackney, tenants living in 277 houses, flats and maisonettes which were completed only two years ago are complaining of water running down walls, skirting boards, windows and of ceilings of green mould; and of being unable to use larders. Preliminary surveys suggest that the council may well end up having to move the tenants out and replace all the roofs and some of the walls at a cost of between £1m and £2m. A recent article in the *Architects Journal*, suggested that the main problem was faulty design.

Children in custody: Tories ignore the facts

John Draper writes: The Tories' proposal to 'get tough' with young offenders, by restoring to magistrates the power to dictate when they should lose their liberty, is based on a false belief that juvenile law-breakers are being let off scot-free by 'wishy-washy' social workers. In fact, the 1969 Children and Young Persons Act, though designed to keep children out of custody, has led to more of them being locked up than ever before. Unfortunately, Thatcher's offensive is bound to distort the current debate on the Act – by forcing onto the defensive those who want it repealed because it fails to fulfil its purpose.

The 1969 Act replaced approved schools with a system of supervision orders (similar to probation) and care orders. When a young offender is placed under a care order, it is the social worker, not the magistrate, who determines whether he or she will be sent to a community home (possibly in a secure unit), or be fostered, or even allowed to go home. The number of supervision orders has increased since the Act came into force and research by the DHSS and Michael Zander of the LSE has shown that where a child on a care order does go home, it is mainly because the community homes are so full that there is no alternative.

The number of care orders has also declined. But these are being replaced by an increasing use of detention centres – the original short, sharp shock – and borstals. Between 1969 and 1977 the number of juveniles sent to borstal rose from 818 to 1,935, while those sent to detention centres increased from 2,228 to 5,757. When account is taken of young people in secure units in community homes, and of those in DHSS youth treatment centres, the proportion of juveniles under lock and key for committing indictable offences is greater now than before the Act was passed. (Reconviction rates for these institutions is up to 80 per cent.)

The Tories want to amend the Act to allow magistrates to decide whether a child under care should be locked up. This has given rise to a campaign by social workers to oppose *any* amendment of the Act. However, the pressure group Justice for Children, which includes many prominent lawyers, social workers and magistrates, argues that it is quite wrong to defend the Act. It cites research which demonstrates that in most cases where children lose their liberty, social workers and magistrates are found to be in agreement – even where the offence is so trivial that it would be laughed out of any adult court. The group holds that children are unnecessarily removed from their homes because social workers are obsessed with the view that delinquency, however petty, is rooted in a 'disturbed' family background. It is seeking an end to indeterminate care orders (which are often the first step to detention centres and borstal).

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Rhodesia's black mask

AMONG WHITE Rhodesians a relatively obscure peer called Lord Chitnis has replaced David Owen as Britain's most hated politician. Mysteriously (and perhaps hopefully) announced as 'Lord Kitchener' before his arrival in Salisbury, Chitnis is now the object of that unique, psychotic fury which our kith-and-kin direct towards any observer lucid enough to expose the white power beneath the black mask of 'Zimbabwe Rhodesia'.

Chitnis spent twelve days in Rhodesia observing the April elections on behalf of the British Parliamentary Human Rights Group. His report, *Free and Fair? The 1979 Rhodesian Election** demonstrates that he was the only one of some seventy accredited observers to have made real sense of what he saw. This is hardly surprising. The United Nations, the Labour Government, the Carter Administration and the United States Congress all decided to boycott the election and to send no observers. What turned up in Salisbury was a fair sample of white Rhodesia's worldwide supporters; they were cheering even before the first bemused black voter had been led into the polling station.

Lord Boyd's delegation, nominated by Mrs Thatcher, may not quite qualify for this description. On the whole they behaved with outward, indeed patrician, dignity, and confided only in private that they had already made up their minds to endorse the election as free and fair. The Anglo-Rhodesian Association despatched six euphoric lords, most of whom had been voting for the lifting of sanctions since sanctions were imposed. To illustrate the non-credibility of this fan club, one need mention only the names of Lord Paget (Labour, but to the right of Lord Salisbury), the diminutive 'Lord' Gray, who, although a Liberal, had apparently never spoken to David Steel on the subject of Rhodesia, and the urbane Lord Onslow, who brilliantly asked Ian Smith in public whether Britain was not entitled to pursue its own interests, whether right or wrong. Ian Smith had been waiting fifteen years to hear just such a cynical remark from a British politician.

From Bavaria came a group of hard-right Christian cowboys sporting *ich liebe Zimbabwe Rhodesia* lapel badges designed by Franz Josef Strauss. From America came Robin Moore, author of *The Green Berets* and *The French Connection*, formerly the self-styled American Ambassador to Rhodesia. Admittedly the Freedom House delegation carried more intellectual respectability but it was sadly clear from the outset that its leader, Bayard Rustin, once an aide to Martin Luther King, knew nothing of Rhodesia. Asked whether he had been struck by the general Ndebele boycott of the polls in Bulawayo, he replied: 'Who are they?'

Chitnis visited 17 polling stations in a wide variety of localities – townships, tribal trust lands, protected villages and European farms. He talked to missionaries, politicians, representatives of the Red Cross, students and, most important, to scores of ordinary Africans. As a result he has achieved in 1979 what the Pearce Commission achieved in 1972 – a clear perception of the truth:

> The recent election in Rhodesia was nothing more than a gigantic confidence trick designed to foist on a cowed and indoctrinated black electorate a settlement and a constitution which were formulated without its consent and which are being implemented without its approval. The major prize in the election was international recognition and the lifting of sanctions. A high percentage poll was all that was deemed necessary to hoodwink the international community and secure recognition . . . To achieve this end and under impossible war conditions, the electorate was brainwashed by propaganda on an alarming scale, cajoled by false and dishonest promises of peace and intimidated in the most callous fashion to vote.

The Chitnis report is not faultless in all respects. It displays prejudice, for example, in stressing that there is nothing to choose between the land-reform policies announced by the Bishop's UANC and Sithole's ZANU. This is true: but it is no business of an observer confining himself to the single issue of whether an election is free and fair. Chitnis also under-states the extent to which urban blacks, notably women, voted for the Bishop with palpable exuberance. But these are minor defects in a formidably documented and convincingly reasoned indictment which everyone concerned about the Rhodesian tragedy should read.

*CIIR, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1, £1.50 plus 30p postage.

David Caute

POLITICAL ECONOMY
Christopher Hird
Patrick Wintour

What's at stake in redeveloping London's South Bank?

On the Waterfront

IF THE PROPERTY developers get their way, the National Theatre on the South Bank of the River Thames will have a new neighbour: the tallest hotel in Europe and a 1.4 million square feet office development – the equivalent to nine Centre Points. This development could net the companies involved a profit of over £70 million and whether it gets off the ground or not will largely be decided by the public inquiry which started this week. The proposed development is important in several ways: unusually, the local authority is a major landowner and therefore in this instance is in a strong position to decide for whose benefit London's centre should be redeveloped. But more than the future of this 16 acre site is at stake. The whole of the consultative planning process is on trial. This procedure was devised at the end of the Sixties in recognition of the fact that the legacy of major developments lasts for generations and that many had been undertaken after minimal public discussion.

The proposals for the site that straddles the boroughs of Lambeth and Southwark can be summarised very simply. The Tory GLC is backing a plan for commercial redevelopment. The most ambitious application, coming jointly from the Heron Group and Commercial Properties – part of the Vestey family empire – is to build the offices, the 600-room hotel and 200 flats, which will be offered to the local council, on the site. The official neighbourhood council for the area – the Association of Waterloo Groups – want a park, homes, shops and eating places. To complicate matters there are slightly less ambitious schemes for commercial redevelopment from another property company, Greycoat Estates, and for residential use by Lambeth Council. Because the GLC owns over half the site and this is cleared of all buildings, a major practical obstacle to housing development is removed. Indeed if things had gone as intended work on house-building would already be under way. It was the arrival of a Tory administration at the GLC after the spring 1977 elections that gave the property companies their chance.

AS LONG AGO as 1972 the GLC and Lambeth and Southwark councils embarked on the prolonged period of public consultation, which culminated in the 1977 Waterloo District Plan. This, the first such plan completed under the Tories' 1971 Town and Country Planning Act, designated the area for public low rise family housing. It was supported by the GLC's own plan, completed two years earlier, and effectively wrote off a 1974 application by Heron – who own no land in the area – to develop part of the site as a hotel. In the face of the property collapse, Heron abandoned this plan in 1975 because it could only be made profitable if part of it were offices. The unfavourable climate for property development at the time may explain why none of those making applications now – including Commercial Properties and London Weekend Television, who own land in the area – made any submission during the consultation process. It is ironic that, despite this effective boycott of the planning system, they now have a chance to get the commercial development they want.

The District Plan was doomed before its completion as the Tories won control of the GLC in the spring of 1977: they wanted offices and high rise buildings on the South Bank site, which has a commanding view over London and along the river. By March 1978 the new planning and communications committee, chaired by Shelagh Roberts, had asked Heron to resubmit their proposals. This decision was taken without any consultation so Lambeth council (still under Labour control) asked the DoE to confirm the District Plan, thus giving Lambeth the GLC's planning powers. They backed up their request by asking for a compulsory purchase order on the GLC sites. Peter Shore, the then environment minister, devised a cunning strategy to avoid supporting Lambeth council. In the summer of 1978 he approved their plan but at the same time gave Heron and Commercial Properties – which had joined in the new application – speculative office development permits, to last for six months, for the development of the sites. This ensured the public enquiry, which started this week, put the compulsory purchase on ice and re-opened the possibility of offices on the land.

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The area under dispute stretches east from immediately behind the National Theatre across nine sites – all of which, with two small exceptions, are derelict. Three of the GLC owned sites – accounting for half of the 16 acres – are cleared and it is on these that Heron have made their application for detailed planning permission. They want to build their 445 foot hotel and 470,000 square feet of offices. Commercial Properties – which owns part of the site that actually fronts on to the river – wants outline permission for a total of 750,000 square feet of offices. Both applications contain plans for housing – a maximum total of 444 units.

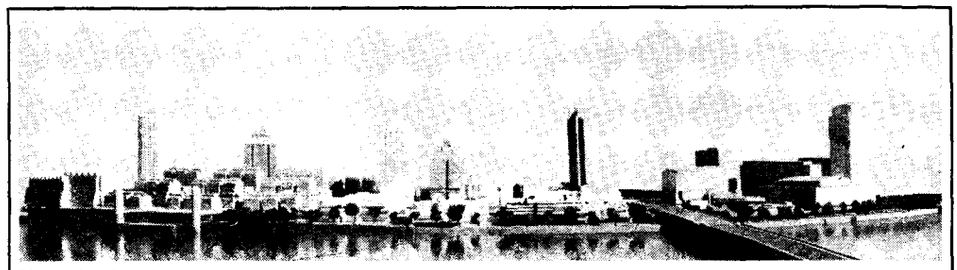
Earlier this year Shelagh Roberts became worried about the grandiose nature of the Heron plan and, on her prompting, Greycoat Estates put in their own application for a smaller hotel and 330,000 square feet of offices on the same sites as Heron.

It is clear that the potential profit on these developments is huge. The sites are cleared and access to them is good – which means that development costs will be much lower than in many central London sites. At the moment it costs about £50 a square foot to build a high quality, air-conditioned office block. On that basis the Heron development would cost around £25 million. The capital value on completion, with the building fully let, should be greatly in excess of this. Rents in the Waterloo area at the moment are between £10 and £10.50 a square foot, so Heron could expect a rent of about £4½ million. On the basis of current investment values, the block might be worth £70 million. Even allowing for the cost of the land, professional fees and the costs of financing the development, there is clearly scope for a considerable profit in the difference between the building costs of £25 million and the eventual value of the investment. Including the Commercial Properties development and the hotel, it is not unrealistic to talk about a potential profit on the whole development of the order of £75 million. Although such calculations are open to the charge of being extremely speculative, there is no doubt that they have been made in the offices of Heron and Commercial Properties, and even if the potential profit is halved, it is still a substantial sum for the planning authority to effectively give away by granting planning permission.

Pitted against the developers are the two housing applications. Lambeth council wish to build 243 houses on four of the nine sites with open space on the rest. The Association of Waterloo groups – the official neighbourhood council for the area – want a 1½ acre riverside park, 359 homes with gardens and an extensive riverside walk. The Heron scheme for a riverside walk is designed in such a way that it would be permanently in the shade of an office overhang which would jut out on to the river.

THE WATERLOO area is a typical example of inner city decline. At the end of the Second World War 20,000 people lived there; today there are 5,000. Unemployment is high, a high proportion of the population is old, over the years shops have closed, schools have been shut down. Lambeth borough has one of the longest housing waiting lists in Britain, 18,000 strong. There are hundreds of people in bed and breakfast accommodation and 1,000 are homeless each year.

The major argument for the housing plan



Heron's plan for the South Bank

for the area rests on the claim that it will stop the cycle of decline. The populaton will be increased by over 1,000 and many of these new inhabitants will be wage earning families. When the local Co-op closed down recently the senior management of the Royal Arsenal Co-op told the Association of Waterloo Groups that an extra 1,000 people living in the area would have made the difference between keeping the shop open and closing it down. From Lambeth's point of view the housing development would make a contribution to their housing programme: these are the only large cleared sites, largely under public ownership, which are zoned for housing in the borough. Lambeth are so desperate for housing space that they are trying to acquire property outside the borough.

Shelagh Roberts' argument starts from quite a different premise. She has, she says, a responsibility to London as a whole and to attracting and keeping employment in the area. 'This site is more important than just the people who live there, who won't pay for it and don't know how much it will cost.' The South Bank is a 'prestigious' site suitable for commercial development. This will provide employment, rates income and, at no cost to the council, recreational facilities. Under the Heron scheme 200 flats will be offered to the local council. Financially, Lambeth will benefit from extra rates income of £2 million a year, compared with only £70,000 if the area is covered in housing. In addition this housing development would be a burden on the taxpayers as a whole for 60 years: almost £500,000 a year, Mrs Roberts says.

Mrs Roberts argues her case skillfully though, it must be said, with ill-disguised hostility for the Labour-controlled Lambeth council – 'the most profligate in Britain' – and amazement at the possibility that family houses *with gardens* should take up this prime position rather than big companies. Her case is based on the claim that there is a need to maintain office employment in central London and attract more here: in recent years office employment in London has not grown as fast as in the country as a whole. In addition there is scope for the further expansion of the London tourist industry.

Both of these arguments need examining. The recent rise in the pound has stopped the tourist boom in its tracks. This raises questions about the desirability of building another five star hotel, especially when literally just along the river stands the half-completed Melia Buckley hotel designed for over 500 rooms. It had stood empty and unsold for two years and was only sold in 1978 to Sea Containers for £9m when the GLC allowed part of the building to be used as offices. This concession was widened when, following a visit by the President of Sea Containers to the GLC, the condition that the building could not be used for offices until the hotel was completed was also waived. In addition it is worth remarking that an extra million sq ft of offices could take some digesting by the office market.

Moreover it would be wrong to imagine that the South Bank is the only place available for office development; the Waterloo District Plan alone zones over 4.5m. sq ft for office development, much of it along the river. In October 1977 the chairman of the Southwark planning committee wrote in a panic to Mrs Roberts: 'It occurs to me that the Heron proposition might well sink any possibility of early development in some or all of the four sites along Bankside – King's Reach, East Bankside, Laing's site and Hay's development . . . a million sq ft of offices at Waterloo would take a good deal of any immediate potential there may be from office clients.' If it is true that offices on the South Bank will provide extra rates, it is equally true that offices elsewhere in the area will provide them.

In defending herself, Mrs Roberts stresses the importance of strengthening the economies of the inner areas. Offices mean jobs. But the Inner Area Partnership study of Lambeth completed in 1976 points out that there is little evidence that secretarial and clerking skills are over-abundant amongst Lambeth's largely unskilled manual unemployed labour force. The Study points out that in 1971 60 per cent of the jobs in the borough were filled by non-residents and that Lambeth had a lower proportion of its residents employed in the borough than any other London borough. This must have been a direct consequence of the predominance of offices. Some of the mooted tenants would not create more jobs as they are moving from existing offices in London. The hotels and offices – Mrs Roberts replies – would provide work for cleaners, kitchen workers and doormen.

The central argument of this inquiry cannot yet be about finance since the GLC will not explain the terms on which it intends to sell the land to the developer and since there is no financial quantification of the cost of continuing decline. The real argument is: in whose interests should the development take place? If the primary criterion is the profits of property companies then more of the centre of our capital city will be turned in a ghost town of offices at night and weekend, populated by the odd office cleaner and caretaker. But if we value the rights of those who live in the inner cities then their future will be very different. As the 1977 White Paper on the Inner cities, a document Mrs Roberts often cites, says in a moment of rhetoric:

> 'Involving local people is both a necessary means to the regeneration of the inner cities and an end in its own right. Public authorities need to draw on the ideas of local residents to discover their priorities and enable them to play a practical part in reviving their areas'.

There is no sign of that on the South Bank.

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RHODESIA
Barbara Rogers

14 years of Washington's Rhodesia lobby

The selling of the settlement

LAST WEEK'S US Senate vote for the removal of Rhodesian economic sanctions is the climactic achievement of a quiet but effective campaign to manipulate western attitudes. The campaign has been aimed mainly at the United States, and has now finally sold the settlement product to US Senators. A disturbing part of this unwelcome success, however, is the way in which the Washington Rhodesia lobby developed its political contacts through a prior connection with the British Embassy. That activity was never resisted.

The pre-UDI Rhodesian government was represented in Washington by the Rhodesian Interests Section of the Embassy, located in a separate building at 2852 McGill Terrace in the heart of the diplomatic area. At UDI the entire office, headed by Rhodesian diplomat Kenneth H. Towsey, neatly transformed itself into an independent organisation, the Rhodesian Information Office (RIO). Consular work, including the issue of passports, continued together with a massive new propaganda campaign, press and Congressional lobbying, encouragement of tourism and emigration, and the recruitment of US and Canadian mercenaries for Smith's forces. At no stage, however, did the British Embassy make any attempt to combat the implication that these activities of the Smith regime – tantamount to a full embassy – were being carried out with their blessing. US administration officials say that the embassy 'representing the only legal authority for Rhodesia' made no protest at the illegal regime having a quasi-official status that even extended to the use of the guards of the Executive Protection Service (EPS). Worse, Towsey has enjoyed permanent residence in the United States for many years, and uses his precious permanent residence 'green card' for world-wide travel, a useful way of bypassing the difficulties of a Rhodesian passport.

Ken Towsey is one of the top people in the regime's foreign service, earning well over £25,000 to preside over the hive of activity at RIO. It spends over £75,000 annually, much of this on political propaganda. Towsey and RIO more than earned their keep by the passage of the 'Byrd Amendment' authorising the Administration to break sanctions – which it did, importing millions of pounds' worth of Rhodesian chrome and other minerals on the US 'strategic' stockpile list. This has now been repealed, but RIO's battle for American recognition of the minority regime continues to score major successes.

Last week's vote was not the first attempt to get the sanctions lifted entirely. Last year, the lobbying inspired by Towsey was only narrowly defeated on a move to recognise the 'transitional' government as already representing majority rule. The next move was a bold attack on the question of recognition. On 14 September 1978, 27 Senators were persuaded to sign a letter inviting Smith and Sithole to Washington. These included 'moderates' of both parties who had been persuaded by Towsey that the regime was now quite different from the old Smith set-up. When Smith's request for the necessary American visa arrived in the State Department, however, officials applied sanctions legislation barring all representatives of the illegal regime, and turned down his application.

AT THAT POINT the RIO machine really swung into action. Towsey revisited his carefully cultivated Congressional contacts, including Jesse Helms, a key ally, and Sam Hayakawa, who partly owes his seat to secret South African subsidies for his race against John Tunney in California. Towsey arranged for a visit by Abel Muzorewa in July, and personally accompanied him on visits to key people in Congress to appeal for the lifting of sanctions. He worked closely with Muzorewa's own lobbyist, Glenn Billington – a Cleveland lawyer whose services to Muzorewa included 'personal contact with United States foreign policy personnel'. Billington's stated objective was American 'approval of the internal settlement in Rhodesia between my principal and the present government headed by Ian Smith'.

The Rev Ndabaningi Sithole, also seeking a visa, had his own lobbyist, Neville Romain – a South African-born 'writer and business consultant' based at Van Nuys, California, who often worked out of the Washington office of Kent B. Crane, an old CIA hand with excellent Republican connections.

To force Carter to let Smith and Sithole in, Senator Helms served notice that he would enter formal objections, under a rule of 'senatorial courtesy', to the entire list of foreign service promotions, and hold up three ambassadorial appointments. This was really below the belt. There followed other threats by right-wingers to harass the Administration's moves in Congress. Carter and his officials face serious problems with energy policy, SALT and many other issues of vital importance to the Administration. Africa, by contrast, is of minimal importance, and Rhodesia can be readily sacrificed to the right-wing in Congress in the hope of neutralising possible opposition on other issues.

The case for allowing Smith in was boosted by a barrage of press criticism over the visa refusal. The Rhodesian Information Office was able to reap the benefits of more than ten years' cultivation of the media by personal visits, all-expenses paid trips to Rhodesia, and regular supplies of editorials and commentaries for recycling as American opinion. There is a vast and right wing network of small-town newspapers, radio and TV stations across the heartland of the United States, and they took up the cause with a vengeance. Perhaps the most important Rhodesian propaganda victory was persuading the *Washington Post* to comment: 'It is a shabby game the United States is playing with Ian Smith, prime minister of Rhodesia'. Attacking the State Department argument that the visit would undermine 'delicate negotiations', the *Post* suggested that the US should show it had the whites' legitimate interests at heart.

The British were consulted with some urgency. Smith had, after all, been forced to abandon his ambition to visit Britain because the Foreign Office announced he would be arrested on arrival. But David Owen now supported the US Administration's inclination to sacrifice Rhodesia to the right: 'I understand their pressures. They have right-wing senators . . . It doesn't cause any difficulties for me.'

The State Department gave in, and a visa was duly sent to Salisbury. Smith officials were reportedly euphoric about the victory; it was, some said, the 'biggest diplomatic coup since UDI'.

FOR THEIR WHOLE two week October tour, Smith and his entourage were surrounded by a massive, ego-boosting supporting cast: police and plain-clothes bodyguards, and an army of attentive reporters and TV crews. There was plenty of misinformation, to put it charitably, in the Smith message. The virtues of the internal settlement were of course the main product for the hard sell. Sithole – claiming to be president of ZANU – was a useful sales manager. Smith repeatedly alleged that Henry Kissinger had promised US Government recognition for his internal settlement. Kissinger indeed obliged by hosting Smith in Washington, and for the first time publicly opposed Carter's foreign policy by saying 'I think we should test (the internal settlement)'. But Smith's claim that Kissinger had made some commitment to recognition in the course of his 1976 shuttle diplomacy was categorically denied by William Rogers, who had accompanied him to Rhodesia.

Smith spoke to a series of packed halls of right-wingers who told him what he most wanted to hear: the USA would support Rhodesian whites all the way. His principal hosts included the American Security Council, an organisation of hawkish retired defence and intelligence officials, who would certainly have encouraged him to expect covert support. The whole tone of these encounters was violently anti-communist as well as racist – with a veneer of respectability supplied by Smith's tame blacks.

After his return from the confidence boosting American tour, Smith's attacks on neighbouring countries escalated. He told Rhodesian Front supporters that he had found 'much understanding and support' for the raids into Mozambique, Zambia, and now Angola. The effect of the raids, which killed hundreds of Rhodesians and local people and injured many more, was to make Joshua Nkomo reject angrily any suggestion that he would negotiate further with the regime. Robert Mugabe had earlier denounced the US Government for admitting Smith and his team – a direct violation of sanctions – and declared that this had disqualified the Americans as mediators in the Rhodesian conflict. He noted: 'We don't have to negotiate with the United States. The only colonial power is Britain. If the United States is now actually subverting us and suddenly introducing the issue of legal recognition of the internal regime, then in our opinion it has exceeded the limits of the jurisdiction . . . allowed.'

The effect of the propaganda tour, then, was to increase the regime's intransigence and the level of violence against neighbouring countries, while disrupting Anglo-American attempts at a negotiated settlement.

The most immediate effect of the visit was to consolidate further the Rhodesian

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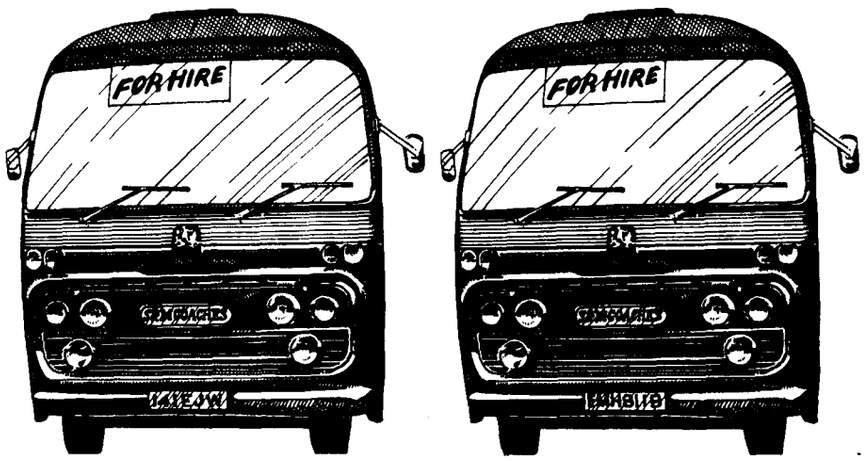

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propaganda machine, based on RIO. The Rhodesians are keen to get official Embassy status for RIO – in effect full recognition of the Rhodesian regime by the United States. Already, the African Subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, led by muted liberal Frank McGovern (who is said to be much impressed by the South African-financed defeat of his predecessor, Dick Clark) has effectively accorded a measure of recognition by negotiating directly with RIO over sending Congressional observers to the election. The House of Representatives refused to allow the proposal, but Senator Helms still sent his own representatives — and approached the Conservative Party for joint co-operation. Helms and Hayakawa are both now members of the Foreign Relations Committee and led the fight for recognition of the regime after the elections.

The Smith circus also gave a boost to Rhodesian alliances with right-wing extremist organisations in the United States — many of which have strong connections with the Pentagon and the CIA. One such is the 'Crippled Eagles' organisation, originally set up in Salisbury by self-styled American ambassador Robin Moore to service American mercenaries in Rhodesia. A Crippled Eagle Foundation has just been set up in Washington, one of its principal messages being the 'domino theory' that lay behind US intervention in Vietnam: if Rhodesia falls to the 'communists', South Africa will succumb, followed by Europe and the United States, according to domino theory litany. 'Ambassador' Moore tells reporters he would like to return to Salisbury, but his duty now is to fight for hearts and minds in Washington. 'Right now the battle is here,' he said, appropriately underscoring the illegal regime's long struggle to subvert US policy.

ECONOMICS
Caroline Atkinson

The problems of the American economy threaten the world

Carter's economic nightmare

EVERY POLITICIAN'S NIGHTMARE is running for election in the face of a recession. It looks as though it is going to happen to President Carter. Unfortunately for the rest of the world, despite the prospect of higher unemployment, Carter is more concerned about inflation. America is still one of the largest markets for the world's exporters and, until recently, has been one of the few growing. A downturn in the US and, in particular, the consequent curbing of imports will mean that the world will have to look elsewhere to sell its goods. Gloom about US growth is largely responsible for pessimistic forecasts of world trade this year and next.

The strength and success of the American economy in 1977-8 was obscured by the sharp fall in the value of the dollar in foreign exchange markets. Nowadays such a high value is placed on financial stability that the German and Japanese economies – which have barely grown – have been assumed strong, and the American weak. The reverse was true. The dollar has been weak because the American economy, recovering quickly from the recession of 1974-5, has been sucking in imports and pushing the balance of payments into the red. European and Japanese bankers and governments called on the American government to be 'responsible' and stop the dollar falling, skilfully ignoring the fact that it was the success of their own exporters in selling to America that was forcing the dollar down, coupled with America's enormous appetite for oil.

The faster growth in the US in the last few years contrasts sharply with most of the post-war period when Europe and Japan have expanded much more rapidly. The American economy cannot continue growing at the 5 per cent a year it has managed since 1974-5 without running short of labour and industrial capacity. Economic indicators published in the last week suggest that the boom may have run out of steam already. Industrial output and housing dropped last month, unemployment rose slightly and wage growth slowed.

Washington officials are divided about how severe the slowdown will be and whether it has actually begun yet. Economists have been confounded by the length of the recovery. The Administration expected growth to slow down gradually last year but, as it turned out, GNP grew at an astonishing and unsustainable 6.4 per cent annual rate in the last few months of 1978. This spurt was followed by a sharp slowdown in the early part of this year to a growth rate of only 0.7 per cent. Interpreting the GNP figures is difficult because they compare with some very volatile movements in the previous year. Growth could still rebound somewhat from the rate in January-March before falling back again later this year: the first quarter was hit by bad weather and the effect of a two-week truck drivers' strike.

Confusion over what is actually happening to the economy has contributed to a strange reversal of roles among Washington economists. Usually expansionist Administration officials have been urging the usually more restrictive Federal Reserve Board to tighten up on monetary policy. Those who argued fiercely against the interest rate rise in the dollar support package last November now believe that a rise was necessary for domestic reasons after all, and could have been larger.

The President called a halt last month to the public bickering between Administration and Fed officials, but this has not solved the problem of what to do. The non-monetarists, including the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers and the Treasury Secretary, wanted the Fed to tighten money policy because they believed the economy was overheated with good old-fashioned excess demand and that real interest rates were unsuitably low. The size of the US economy and the need for Congressional approval of budgetary and taxation changes make 'fine tuning' on the British pattern almost impossible in America. Whereas a British Chancellor can announce tax changes to take almost immediate effect, the US budget is proposed many months before it actually happens. Monetary policy is thus used to influence the economy in the short term, despite the enormous disagreements in the US, as in Britain, over how and when monetary policy works.

The monetarists have been less convinced of the need to tighten credit policy because the money supply grew very slowly, if at all, in the six months to Easter. The Fed, which is responsible for money policy, resisted pressure to raise interest rates for several weeks but finally gave in to some extent at the end of last month and the Fed Chairman, William Miller, has said that he will tighten up further if GNP grows by more than 2½ per cent between March and June.

THERE IS ONE overwhelming reason why the Administration willing to hurry the recession along: inflation. In the first quarter of this year, consumer prices rose at an annual rate of 13 per cent and wholesale prices by even more. America is not used to double digit inflation.

The key to the future is what happens to wages, which have so far made little contribution to the speeding up of price rises: food and energy costs have been the main culprits. Food prices rose by an annual rate of almost 20 per cent in the first three months. America supports its farmers by keeping prices high rather than giving subsidies to farmers. The fall in the dollar has added a further twist to the inflationary spiral.

Worse may be to come: energy price controls are being relaxed and the fate of Carter's wage and price policy, announced last October, is unclear. Already the Teamsters have broken the 7 per cent guideline by getting a 30 per cent increase over three years, compared with the 22½ per cent allowed. (The figures were fudged so the government could claim it was within the guidelines.)

Ironically, the guidelines may be responsible for some of the accelaration in prices at the end of last year: companies are suspected of having raised prices to the maximum allowed under the guidelines, even when costs have not risen so fast. Profits in the last quarter of 1978 soared by 25 per cent.

Because prices have risen faster than wages this year, a fall in consumer spending and a drop in growth are expected soon. However, so far American consumers have reacted to inflation as the text books say they should: rather than saving depreciating dollars they are spending them. This is in sharp contrast to the British and European experience, where savings rose dramatically as prices soared in 1975. Either American consumers are more rational or the increase in European savings was not caused by inflation. The Americans have understood the message of inflation well: they are mounting up debts to finance their purchases of consumer durables. Repayments of debt now take up a quarter of the average household's disposable income.

There are two causes for concern in the recovery since 1975. First, consumption has risen, investment has not. Consumption now accounts for about 60 per cent of GNP, compared with half at the beginning of the seventies. Second, productivity has risen very slowly during the boom: increased output has been achieved by increased employment. The reason for this is unclear. It means the scope for real wage increases has been small. The Administration is now braced for increased unemployment this year, which is bad news for the rest of the world.

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NEXT TIME YOU OPEN A CAN THINK OF EMILIO

15,000 feet up inside the Andes, Emilio Serrudo works in the largest tin mine in the world. Seven days a week, chewing cocaine leaf to numb mind and stomach, for £1 a day.

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He is lucky. So far he's escaped the killer dust which permeates the mine. It killed his father, and will kill Emilio if he continues mining, which he must. The Bolivian miner's life expectancy is 37 years.

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The fallacies of protectionism

Since the beginning of this month delegates from 150 countries have been meeting at the fifth United Nations Conference on Trade and Development in Manila. They are discussing one of the most important issues in the world: the trading relations between the rich and poor countries. And they do so against a background of world recession and consequent increasing protectionism. Here, MELVYN WESTLAKE, who is in Manila, argues that the fear of cheap imports from the developing world swamping the West is exaggerated. The need is for a planned approach to international trade. MARY KALDOR explores the importance of the arms trade in shaping those trading relationships.

SOME OF THE TOUGHEST arguments for socialists are about Britain's trade with the Third World. Workers in, for example, the textile or cutlery industry know well enough that competition from cheap imports has decimated those industries. The call for import controls is easily, and often, made. Trades unionists join with company directors to lobby the government to introduce controls which will put workers on the other side of the world out of a job and raise the price of goods to British consumers. Frequently such lobbying is successful and, almost as frequently, the import controls have provided a convenient breathing space for companies to find new sources of profit, whilst the traditional jobs have disappeared, not to be replaced by new ones.

At the moment the protectionist tide is running fast throughout the Western world, as governments and workers face the prospect of a prolonged recession. Since the end of the Second World War few events have left a deeper scar on the collective psyche of the West than the emergence of Japan as an industrial power. The prospect of dozens of 'Japans' rising from the ranks of the numerous developing countries haunts the West. Like British motorcycles and American radios and black and white televisions before them whole areas of production in the established industrial nations look as though they could be wiped out.

But such a fear may be misplaced. The evidence we have suggests that cheap imports have not wreaked anything like the havoc on Western economies that many believe. Although some particular industries have been badly hit, there is sufficient of a pattern to be able to at least make intelligent guesses about which industries will be the next to be affected. This could be the first step to a socialist policy of planned trade overseas and planned industrial development at home.

Until 1974 the rich, northern block of countries could, by and large, cope with the growing volume of goods they imported from the Third World. But recession and high unemployment have changed all that. A series of individually small, but cumulatively large, measures have been introduced in an attempt to protect the markets of America and the Western world from competition from the Third World. Rough calculations made in 1977 by economists at the Geneva-based General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), the world's trade watchdog, suggest that between 3 and 5 per cent of international trade has been affected by restrictions introduced since 1974. This *excludes* the tightening of restrictions in the clothing and textile industries and the controls which debarred many Third World products, especially agricultural exports, before 1974. More recent calculations suggest that as much as 6 or 7 per cent of 1974's world trade has been controlled. Steel, ships and aircraft are now caught in the net as well as shoes, cutlery and textile products. The West's major target has been that group referred to as the 'newly industrialising countries' – the NICs. These countries are not a precisely defined group. A recent study by OECD, whose major job is looking after the rich nations, put their number at eleven and included four OECD members: Greece, Portugal, Spain and Turkey. A British Government study cast the net wider and came up with a list of almost two dozen (see table 1).

THE NICs HAVE ONE thing in common: they concentrate their export effort on a comparatively narrow range of manufactured products, and, as a result, often account for a very high proportion of some Western countries' imports in those categories. For example, almost two-thirds of Britain's clothing imports come from the NICs. They account for almost half of Britain's imports of suitcases, handbags and so on, over a third of our footwear and more than 10 per cent of our imports in another seven product categories.

But what has particularly alarmed Western governments, businessmen and trades union leaders, is the speed with which NICs' exports, throughout the world, have grown. British manufacturers have been losing their markets overseas for electronic equipment, iron and steel and some domestic appliances as well as the more obvious textile and leather goods. In the ten years up to 1974, the NICs' exports of manufactured goods grew on average by around 17 per cent a year. Taiwan, South Korea and Thailand managed annual growth rates of 40 per cent. Although much of this growth is from a very low base, there has been a multiplication of the number of countries involved in exporting manufactures. And the World Bank forecasts only a slight slackening in the overall growth up to the middle of the next decade (see table 2).

This growth will be at the expense of the older industrialised world as the NICs' share of the West's imports rises from 9 to 13½ per cent. Particularly worrying is the NICs' ability to sell fairly sophisticated capital goods such as machine tools and pumps, in countries which the West used to serve. In the past, many countries have fared much worse than Britain. NICs account for only 7.3 per cent of British imports of manufactured goods – the same as in 1963, when such a figure represented the highest penetration in any industrialised country. Today the average is 8.1 per cent and countries such as the United States get 20 per cent of their imports from the NICs.

Such developments, and the confident expectation that they will continue, have fuelled the new protectionism. But, in fact, it is very doubtful whether this has had more than a marginal effect on total employment levels in the West. However, because the effect has been confined to clearly identifiable specific industries, often in regions where unemployment is already high, the Third World has been made a scapegoat for the problems of industrial and regional decline.

WORK IN BRITAIN, America, Germany, Belgium and elsewhere suggests that there are other more potent forces causing industrial decline than cheap imports. A study by Dr Vincent Cable, of the Overseas Development Institute on the influence of 'low cost' imports suggested that they were a significant factor in causing unemployment in Britain in only two

In every industry but two, the industrial countries have a trade surplus with developing countries and in the few industries where developing countries have done well in the recent past it is forecast that their growth will slacken.

1 The newly industrialising nations*

Hong Kong*	India	S. Korea*
Taiwan*	Singapore*	Malaysia
Pakistan	Iran	Philippines
Thailand	Brazil*	Argentina
Mexico*	Spain*	Portugal*
Israel	Malta	Yugoslavia*
Greece*	Turkey*	Poland
Romania	Hungary	

*Countries defined as NIC's by OECD.
Source: British Government Economic Service Working Paper No. 18 'The Newly Industrialising Countries and the Adjustment Problem'.

2 Where the NICs are growing

Developing countries: growth of manufactured exports 1970-85*

	1970-75	1975-85
Clothing	20.3	8.3
Textiles	17.8	6.2
Chemicals	16.5	13.0
Iron and steel	10.7	14.5
Machinery and transport equipment	20.3	17.3
Other	10.2	10.0
All manufactures	14.9	12.2

*Average annual percentage growth rates at 1975 prices
Source: World Bank Report, 1978

3 The West benefits from Third World Trade

Industrial countries' net trade in manufactures with developing countries (exports less imports)

(Figures in billion dollars)	1963	1973	1976
Iron and steel	1.46	4.91	8.30
Chemicals	2.30	8.47	14.28
Plywood and paper	0.30	0.23	1.03
Other semi-manufactures	0.55	0.26	1.94
Agricultural and industrial machinery	1.86	6.03	12.27
Machine parts	1.60	5.94	13.65
Office and telephone equipment	0.47	2.15	4.35
Power generating machinery	1.19	3.70	8.49
Other engineering products	1.51	4.18	9.51
Road motor vehicles	1.83	5.68	14.14
Other transport equipment	0.87	4.03	9.65
Household appliances	0.62	1.23	2.12
Textiles	0.77	1.02	1.40
Clothing	−0.03	−3.41	−7.24
Other consumer goods	0.53	−0.72	−1.08
TOTAL MANUFACTURES	15.83	43.70	92.81

Source: "Adjustment, Trade and Growth in Developed and Developing Countries", published by GATT.

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sub-sectors of the clothing industry (hosiery and men's shirts). He studied 120 sub-sectors over the period 1970-75. In his work Dr Cable took account of British exports to the Third World, in the sectors he studied, and assessed the impact of changes in consumers' tastes and productivity. In a separate study of the clothing industry he found that jobs lost as a result of rising productivity were much greater than those lost as a result of imports from the developing countries.

In West Germany research has shown that in the period 1962-75 in manufacturing industry as a whole productivity increases cost 48 jobs for every one lost as a result of cheap imports from developing countries. Even in the particularly vulnerable clothing industry, where there was little change in production technology, the ratio was still 3:1.

American work has come to the same sort of conclusions. In 1976 just over 20 million people in America experienced unemployment. Rough calculations by GATT economists suggest that, at worst, increased imports, from all sources, accounted for only 2½ per cent of this total. In the middle of the seventies, civilian employment in the US was growing at the rate of three million a year, despite the increase in imports from the Third World.

Calculations such as these are open to a series of objections, as it is not possible to isolate precisely the effect that imports and changes in technology and demand have.

For instance, cheap imports may act as a spur to improve productivity and therefore result in the loss of more jobs. Furthermore, assuming that jobs gained by exporting to a particular country offset the jobs lost from importing its products misses an important dimension of the problem. In policy terms it is the gross job loss which is most significant because there is no automatic mechanism by which those jobs, skills and investment in the old industries are replaced by the new industries.

The significance of the Third World as a market for Western produced goods is frequently underestimated. In 1977 the North exported $530 billion of manufactures – a third of them to the NICs and other developing countries. America and Japan rely even more heavily on these countries as markets for their goods. Although it is true that the NICs' exports to the West have grown faster than the trade in the other direction, the West still runs a substantial surplus on its trade in with the developing world (Table 3). In real terms this surplus is three times as big as it was at the beginning of the sixties. In Britain, where the NICs takes more than a third of its exports of manufactures, the surplus has more than quadrupled since the early sixties.

Furthermore, during the recession the developing countries have been amongst the best customers of the West: they borrowed to finance their maintained spending on imports. Many more jobs in the West would have been lost but for import demand from the Third World. Western bankers know that any intensification of the new protectionism may mean that the NICs are unable to service and repay the big debts they have built up in this way. It goes without saying that an attack on the developing world's exports would make it harder for those countries to do anything about poverty and the other problems they face.

THE IMAGE of the West being swamped by cheap imports seems, then, to be misplaced and on narrow grounds of self interest alone import controls directed at the NICs could be self defeating. It seems right to look at the emergence of the NICs in an historical context. In the fifties West Germany and some smaller European countries expanded rapidly; in the sixties it was Japan and Italy; behind the NICs will be another crop of countries, especially in South America.

The economic textbooks say this process is good for everyone. International specialisation intensifies, efficiency increases, inflation is kept in check and resources are freed for use in other industries. In this case the textbook theory is augmented by the product cycle hypothesis which divides the life span of a typical manufactured product into three stages. In the first stage products are developed in the technologically advanced countries. In the second stage technology becomes less important than management. Finally, with standardised production, manufacture can be carried out by unskilled and semi-skilled workers. It is at this final stage that NICs have their advantage. This hypothesis stands up remarkably well when one examines those industries in which Third World trade has grown fastest. It also helps explain why cheap imports often aggravate the regional problem within an industrialised country, as these problems themselves are frequently related to the region's reliance on old industries.

It seems likely that the product cycle has been speeded up through the expansion of multinationals as these companies have played their part in the development of 'offshore' processing and assembly operations, which have accelerated industrial relocation. In some respects world trade may be less a competition between domestic and foreign producers than between branches of multinational companies in low labour cost areas.

The growth of the multinationals may well complicate the policies of adjustment which Western countries need to make. For developing countries to grow – and the West's trade with them to flourish – it is necessary for the governments in the West to plan the systematic contraction of those industries in which it is absurd for them to compete with the developing world. Given the current ownership of industry, there is no automatic way in which such decline can be matched by the growth of better paid jobs.

Most Western countries have such policies – regional development, manpower and promotion policies, retraining facilities and the like. But these have been devised on an ad hoc basis and not as part of a long-term plan and not within the context of any international attempts at trade planning.

This month's meeting in Manila has, as always, provided the opportunity for discussing the ways in which this can be achieved. The developing countries have their usual shopping lists: higher aid, fairer trade, faster transfers of technology – a recasting, in fact, of the entire economic system. But they have shown no stomach for a real fight. For their part, the rich nations have toughly resisted proposed changes which they perceive as damaging their own narrow self-interest.

One of the few issues that has raised some passion has been that of trade protectionism. The group of 77 – which actually embraces nearly six-score developing nations – have been demanding specific pledges from the rich countries on this question. They want a redistribution in the world pattern of manufacturing production: older industries that are now being protected in the developed northern economies, would be phased out, to allow the developing countries to take over.

In reply, the rich nations declared that they are, in principle, against protectionism, and will continue to encourage adaptation and adjustment within their economies. This anodyne response proved totally inadequate for Australia and the Netherlands. Both of these countries broke ranks with the rest of the rich group, but for different reasons. The Dutch feel that the position of the other rich countries is not progressive enough, while the Australians are bitter because they feel that they suffer as much as developing countries from protectionism in the European Community. Prime Minister Fraser of Australia has already infuriated the French by attacking the EEC sugar policy.

However, it is far from clear whether either the Netherlands or Australia would be prepared to sit down with the developing countries and negotiate a new distribution of the world's manufacturing capacity, or accede to a new agency to monitor the adjustment process, which effectively means allowing an outside agency to interfere in the industrial policies of sovereign nations. The programme of demands, hammered out by the developing countries a few months ago at Arusha in Tanzania, proposed the setting up of nearly two dozen new institutions, agencies, commissions, and high-level bodies. This is all part of a struggle to wrest power from existing institutions like the International Monetary Fund and GATT in which North Americans and West Europeans dominate policy. The third world wants these existing institutions to come under the wing of the UNCTAD Secretariat, which is more under the control of developing countries. By contrast, the old industrial nations are trying to clip the wings of UNCTAD. Both sides recognise that altering the institutions is the first step towards recasting the world's financial, monetary and trading system. This is why, along with trade, institutional reform is a key issue for the future.

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The International Military Order

THE 1970s WERE called both the Second Development Decade and the Disarmament Decade. Yet as 1980 approaches, 800 million people still live in what the World Bank describes as 'absolute poverty . . . at the very margin of existence, with inadequate food, shelter, education and health care' and world military expenditure has increased. The expressions of organised violence – war, militarism and revolution – are ever present.

Currently, the world is meeting at UNCTAD V. Yet it is most unlikely that the discussions will cover the role of the arms trade, the military absorption of resources, or, most importantly, the structural obstacles to development posed by what has been called the International Military Order. The connections between under-development and armament are rarely mentioned.

'Development', in the sense that has been achieved since World War II, is a profoundly unequal process. Over the period as a whole, income per person in developing countries has risen by 3 per cent a year. Yet this figure conceals enormous disparities. What has occurred is essentially the creation of Western industrial enclaves in the third world. Many countries, like South Korea or Brazil, India or Egypt, have embarked on programmes of industrialisation, heavily dependent on imported Western know-how and capital goods aimed at the manufacture of import substitutes or, in a limited but growing number of cases, of exports often to other developing countries. These programmes have been financed either by foreign capital, resulting in an ever growing debt burden, or through increased export of primary commodities. The latter has drawn rural producers into the money economy, a phenomenon which results in a fictitious statistical increase in agricultural income, as more and more commodities are produced for urban and world markets instead of subsistence. Cheap labour is drawn into the towns as poor farmers are squeezed out by the introduction of more efficient, capitalist methods of production, or by worsening terms of trade between manufacturers and primary commodities or by the import of cheap food from industrialised countries, notably the United States. The consequence is impressive rates of industrial growth while the standard of living of the rural poor and urban unemployed stagnates and, even in some cases deteriorates. For those countries which have been able to export manufactures, the cost of industrialisation has been partly passed on to more underdeveloped neighbours, through customs unions like the Andean Pact or the East African Common Market.

The International Military Order serves to underwrite this inequitable system. The distribution of world military power is as uneven as the distribution of material wealth. The industrialised countries spend around $280 per person on arms. The richer developing countries, the so-called Newly Industrialising Countries (NICs) and the oil exporters (OPEC countries) spend around $45 per person, while developing countries as a whole spend only $3 per person on arms. Most arms are produced in advanced industrial countries. Indeed, the United States, Soviet Union, Britain and France account for around 90 per cent of the total world arms trade. Even those developing countries, mostly NICs, that do produce their own weapons are heavily dependent on foreign parts and technology. (It costs more, for instance, in terms of foreign exchange alone to make a Mig aircraft in India than to import it from the Soviet Union). Yet, while military power is produced in the rich countries, it is largely in developing countries that it is actively applied. Since 1945, nearly all wars, military interventionary massacres, etc. have taken place in the poorest parts of the world.

Military spending represents both an economic and political mechanism for smoothing the international transfer of resources from poor to rich and from countryside to town. Military activities have to be financed in the same way as industrialisation through increased borrowing or saving; they represent a charge on the funds available for development. At the same time, the benefits of military spending largely accrue to the producers of arms and associated military infra-structure, based in advanced industrial countries or in the urban areas of the Third World. Indeed, there is a growing body of evidence which suggests that arms production and/or the various services associated with the import of major weapons such as roads, communications, repair depots, etc. may represent the main impetus behind industrialisation, biasing industrial development in favour of the capital-intensive types of technology which are the basis for arms production in rich countries. In Brazil, for example, Renault established a car factory as part of a plan to build Renault tanks while the transfer of British steel-making facilities was part of a package deal to build warships.

There are, of course, exceptions. In some countries, armies are deliberately used for rural developments. Ironically, it was Macnamara, now, as World Bank President, the champion of the cause of eliminating absolute poverty, who, as US Secretary of Defense in the early 1960s promoted the idea that soldiers should be used for what he called 'civic action' programmes in order to reduce the possibilities for instability and communist subversion and, in his own words, alter 'the negative image of the military man, as the oppressive preserver of the stagnant status quo.' The Shah of Iran followed this practice, rather unsuccessfully it seems, with his Armies of Health and Knowledge, and later of Reconstruction and Development.

Much more important though is the political function of armaments. The bulk of military spending which takes place in rich countries is designed for an East-West confrontation in Europe. It represents a kind of re-enactment of World War II, in which the United States and the Soviet Union emerged as victors; it serves, in a sense to reaffirm their position as the world's super-powers. For the US, in particular, it has provided a back-up to a whole range of political military activities in the third world which have helped to uphold regimes, oriented towards Western strategies of industrialisation and more or less capable of coping with the dissatisfaction engendered by uneven development.

In the immediate post-war period, US military alliances and mutual defence treaties with countries in Asia, Latin America and the Middle East, drew third world countries into the East-West conflict and created armies in the Western image. Third World regimes accepted, for the most part, Western military doctrines and Western concepts of what constitutes military power, and hence, the United States, in addition to direct intervention in places like Lebanon or the Dominican Republic, was able to make effective political use of military force. A recent Brookings Study lists 215 incidents in which the United States used her armed forces to demonstrate support of a particular regime or a particular policy since 1945, and most of these took place in the Third World.

In addition, advanced industrial countries could use force indirectly through the transfer of arms. This was, of course, a deliberate element of policy under Nixon, when his Secretary of Defense pointed out that an Asian soldier costs 1/15 as much as his American counterpart. But even if it was not consciously intended, the transfer of arms created a military vested interest in Western-type industrialisation. The Third World soldier in effect became Western industrial man. He learned, in the words of one American expert, such useful Western values as 'living and working by the clock; spending and saving money; using transportation (bicycles, motor cycles, autos, buses, boats, planes, etc); listening to radio'. And he favoured the kind of development strategy that would enable him to live up to these values, to replicate the forms of industrial organisation characteristic of the modern army in society as a whole. So when democratic legitimation for such a strategy could not be obtained, the army was usually ready to intervene.

THE ENTRY of the Soviet Union as an arms supplier in the 1950s (followed by the West European nations in the 1960s) did not fundamentally change the system, only the pattern of distribution. The types of arms that were supplied and the ideas that accompanied them did not change much; they had, after all, been shaped by the war with Germany and the arms race with America. They still implied a need for and commitment to Western type industrialisation. What changed was the emergence of new local elites – entrepreneurs, professionals etc thrown up by the process of urbanisation – who embraced seemingly radical nationalist philosophies. Alternative sources for arms and competition between arms suppliers enabled such groups to obtain and, for shorter or longer periods, to hold on to power. Regimes like those in Egypt and Syria in the 1950s or Argentina and Peru in the late 1960s were able to penetrate American hegemony. Through nationalising foreign enterprises, through various forms of control over trade and capital flows, and even mild land reform, they were able to improve the terms on which they imported Western technology and exported primary commodities. They were able, in effect, to obtain a higher

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share of the benefits of industrialisation.

The changing pattern of distribution was accelerated in the Disarmament/Second Development decade. The recession in advanced industrial countries and the growing rivalry between America, Europe and Japan gave rise to two more or less simultaneous phenomena – enhanced industrialisation in certain Third World countries and the diffusion of military power. During the 1970s, the rate of growth of advanced industrial countries and of what the World Bank defines as low income countries declined, while the rate of growth of middle income countries, especially the NICs and the OPEC countries, increased. Likewise, military expenditures rose by 9 per cent in real terms among advanced industrial countries, by 80 per cent among developing countries as a whole, and by 250 per cent among OPEC countries. What this amounted to was the creation of new sub-imperial powers.

The recession and the oil crisis greatly intensified the competiton to sell manufactured goods and to establish secure sources for the supply of raw materials. The lack of domestic investment opportunities, the growth of the Eurodollar market as a result of the activities of multi-national corporations, and the oil surplus made finance easily available for increased exports. The profit squeeze led an increasing number of multinational corporations to establish offshore processing facilities in low wage areas, especially for the manufacture of textiles and electronics. The consequence was that advanced industrial countries were able to cushion the effects of the recession and to 'pay' for the increased oil prices through increased exports of capital goods, luxuries and arms. The main recipients were either oil producers or the new exporters of manufactures. These countries reproduced the competition among rich countries in a growing competitive drive to sell manufactures to poorer developing countries. Consequently, the NICs and the OPEC countries were able to achieve rapid industrial growth. This was combined with a growing trade deficit in manufactures to advanced industrial countries and a smaller but growing surplus in manufactures to other developing countries.

In general, industrial growth increased income disparities both within and between developing countries. With a few exceptions, notably South Korea, Taiwan and Yugoslavia, the benefits of industrialisation were not widely shared. Standards of living stagnated and in some cases, notably Brazil and Mexico, actually deteriorated. Developing countries which did not sell oil or manufactures, greatly increased their debt burden in order to pay for the influx of manufacturers and the higher price of food and fuel. The main effect of the shortlived commodity boom was to increase rural disparities, since it helped to improve the position of the more successful surplus farmers. And both rural and urban poor suffered from the effects of inflation. The consequence was increased political instability and/or the establishment of more repressive, authoritarian regimes, and the re-emergence of long buried nationalist rivalries, such as those between Argentina and Brazil, or Chile and Peru, or Iran and India.

THE SPREAD of military power has accompanied the spread of industry. Alongside the competition to sell manufactures is a competition to sell arms. The arms trade with the Third World tripled in the ten years, 1967-76. Several Third World countries, especially in the Middle East, received, for the first time, conventional weapons, like supersonic aircraft or missiles, that were as or more advanced than those entering the inventories of rich countries. A number of countries, particularly the NICs and OPEC countries have embarked on ambitious programmes to produce arms. Indeed, there are marked parallels between military and civil patterns of industrialisation. India undertakes state owned manufacture of import substitutes, while some South East Asian countries are engaged in a form of military offshore processing. Third World countries are also beginning to export arms to neighbours. Brazil sells armoured cars, artillery and light aircraft to other Latin American countries. Egypt has created the Arab Military Industrial Organisation with European technology and, now uncertain, Arab finance.

Yet the effectiveness of these arms as symbols of power has weakened precisely because of the decline in US dominance and the growing rivalry – politico-military and economic – among rich and less rich countries.

The American defeat in Vietnam undermined the credibility of American military power – the belief in the American ability and inclination to intervene militarily to ensure the maintenance of world order. During the 1970s, as the Brookings Study shows, the number of incidents in which the United States used force for political purposes declined as did, it seems, the effectiveness of such shows of force. Correspondingly, the ability of armies created in the Western image to act as Western proxies has weakened.

So it is that the International Military Order created by America after the war is beginning to erode. It is less and less capable of containing the growing tensions generated by the so-called development process. In some ways, this is an ominous conclusion for its entails the possibility of war. But for those, supposedly like the majority of delegates to UNCTAD V, who want to build a New International Economic Order, this may offer an opportunity. A breakdown in the current relations of military power may well prove a necessary condition for alternative development strategies, genuinely aimed at raising the standards of living of the poorest people.

The Left in Europe

The European Left is in disarray. In Italy the Communists have achieved their 'historic compromise', but at an awesome cost. The Spanish Socialist Party, within sight of power, has begun tearing itself apart. In France, meanwhile, the Communists devote their energy to preventing the Left from achieving an electoral victory.

SPAIN

Julie Flint writes from Madrid: For the second time this year the leaders of Spain's Socialist Party (PSOE) have badly misjudged the popular mood. As a result, Spain's oldest party has given an embarrassingly public display of how not to handle an internal dispute, and has forced itself into temporary receivership on its 100th anniversary. The Socialist debacle comes as Prime Minister Adolfo Suaraz is under attack as never before for failing to give the country effective government, and gives him a much-needed breathing space to find some of his old authority. Without Felipe Gonzalez at its head, and with no other takers for his seat, the Socialist Party has suddenly stopped looking like a serious contender for power.

Much of the blame for the crisis that expolded into the open at the Socialists' congress last week must be laid squarely on the shoulders of the 37-year-old Felipe, whose recent errors of judgment did much to ensure that simmering dissatisfaction among militants boiled over at the congress. Even in the closing days of the turbulent congress Gonzalez was apparently confident that he could persuade rebellious delegates to drop their Marxist label – introduced only in 1976 – and take a step in the direction of social democracy. He was certainly confident enough at the start of the congress to stake his own position as party leader on the issue, giving the clear warning that 'no-one in the party is irreplaceable.'

Earlier this year Gonzalez made another surprising miscalculation when he ran a quiet, drowsy election campaign in the hope of riding to power on middle-of-the-road voters. Not only did Suarez win re-election with an improved margin, but the Socialists collected only 229,349 new votes, despite their fusion with the smaller Popular Socialist Party and despite the existence of three million first-time voters.

Unhappiness over the gap between party doctrine and political reality has been heightened in the past 18 months by a purge of radical elements in the PSOE. These expulsions – particularly heavy among young Socialists in the Basque provinces and Andulucia, the two areas where the party suffered its greatest reverses at the last election – have sparked a growing wave of defections by militants protesting at both the manner and the motive of the expulsions. The manner is in large part the manner of Felipe's right-hand man, Alfonso Guerra, the party's tireless but tactless organisation secretary (among other things), who enraged many members last year by implying that he would trade ten minutes of television time for 20,000

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militants, and who only last week denied there was any split in the party except between 'those who work and those who don't.' The motive is Gonzalez's firm conviction that a Socialist government will not be elected in Spain without 'integrating other sections of the population into our political project' – hence his desire to discontinue the constricting 'Marxist' definition.

Only a small proportion of the expelled Socialists and party defectors have made new alliances. The majority are seeking readmission, and have grouped round a weekly paper called *Nuevo Claridad*, successor to the Marxist doctrine that trade union leader Francisco Largo Caballero proclaimed in his original *Claridad* in the 1930s. *Nuevo Claridad* summed up the unhappiness of the party rank and file in a pre-congress issue that gave a far clearer idea of what was in store than the party's official paper *El Socialista*. 'On one side,' said the dissidents' weekly

> there are those who want to continue the leadership's policy, a policy which is not Marxist, of collaborating . . . with the government. On the other, there are all the comrades who want to end this policy once and for all and . . . not give an inch before the constant pressure of the bourgeoisie. This is what we must achieve in this congress, and from this congress on.

Many Socialists believe that Gonzalez was wrong to rush into the Marxist debate without giving the PSOE time to shake down as Spain's second largest party after four decades as a small, illegal organisation. Timing aside, he certainly went the wrong way about it, opening the controversy in May 1978 in the 'bourgeois' press rather than in the party, and forcing it back into the open, after a year's silence, less than two weeks before the party congress. Given the feeling of neglect souring the rank and file, the revived issue of Marxism provided a timely rallying point for all the criticisms of the party leadership: concentration of power in a few hands, insufficient consultation with the rank and file, neglect of the labour movement and over-long 'consensus' with Suarez.

Until another congress meets to choose a new executive sometime in the autumn, the Socialist Party will be run by a five-man caretaker committee, with the parliamentary party headed by Gonzalez deciding policy. A compromise should be possible if Gonzalez can smooth ruffled feathers, break away from generalities and force the rebels to resolve their contradictions – not least their apparent willingness to give his management a 68 per cent vote of confidence while rejecting his brand of socialism by almost the same percentage in the debate on Marxism. The Marxist radicals in the party also indicated their limits by failing to come up with a candidate of their own to fill Felipe's shoes. Without Felipe Gonzalez, the party has already lost a lot of prestige and popular confidence. With him back again, more aware of the pitfalls in his party, it should still have a fighting chance at the next election.

ITALY

Richard Carver writes: The distinguished Professor of Political Science at the University of Padua can count himself the first victim of the Italian general election campaign. On the night of 7 April Antonio Negri and most of the rest of his faculty were arrested and charged in connection with the kidnapping and murder of former Prime Minister Aldo Moro. Stunned is the mildest way of describing public reaction. It was as if the Fellows of All Souls had been found to have planted the bomb under Airey Neave's car.

Altogether 33 people have been speedily charged. Perhaps it was the rush which led the authorities to dispense with the luxury of evidence. One magistrate, L. Ferrajoli, commented: 'The extremely serious charge of having formed the Red Brigades is totally unsupported.' Prosecutor Calogero replied that the 'key evidence' was the writings of Negri and his colleagues. Challenged on the use of books as evidence, prosecutor Fais explained with unconscious irony that these were Marxist works so it was impossible to separate theory from practice. Although only nine of the 33 are charged with 'conspiring to form and participate in armed groups', all are accused of 'subversion'. The charges directly related to the Moro killing seem to be just an excuse for rounding up a far wider group of 'subversives'.

The true dimensions of the affair are revealed by the fact that Calogero, the chief prosecutor in the case, is closely linked to the Communist Party (PCI). The Soviet paper *Izvestia*, itself a less than enthusiastic supporter of the Italian party, nevertheless described Negri as 'close to the international right wing' on account of his hostility to the PCI. Even the Italian press admits that the arrests were the opening move in the PCI's election campaign – an answer to the Christian Democrats who blame the party for the latest governmental crisis and see in every Communist a potential terrorist.

In a case which rests so heavily on the defendants' ideas, actual discussion of politics has been kept to a minimum, since exposure of Negri's work would reveal him as a theorist of mass autonomous action inimical to the Red Brigades and might raise questions about the PCI's support for the government over the past three years. In 1976, when the party's vote rose to within 3 per cent of that of the Christian Democrats, party workers were convinced that the PCI could finally enter a coalition government and take over the 'leadership' of the nation. In practice all that happened was that the Communists began by abstaining on Christian Democrat measures and ended up enthusiastically proposing them. Party economists visited the Treasury to advise on wage controls and general secretary Enrico Berlinguer explained that austerity was 'an agent for social change'. The PCI had opposed the use of *Confino*, a form of banishment, when it was aimed at the Mafia. Now they advocated it as a way of dealing with militant students.

The PCI has long been in favour of increasing the power of the state. It is fond of referring to strengthened police and judicial powers as a continuation of the 'anti-fascist resistance'.

Also Moro's death has, on balance, helped the PCI leaders, though they were genuinely shocked by it. The growing trade union opposition to the Berlinguer line was split: half of them fell back into line while the rest were stigmatised as 'potential' terrorists.

If the PCI's law and order policy helped create political conditions for the Red Brigades, its lack of economic solutions contributed towards the emergence of a new breed of leftist. With Italy's massive university entrance thousands of young workers find themselves with degrees but no jobs. 70 per cent of unemployed are under 30. This is the social origin of the *autonomi*, who seek to solve with the boot what their Marxist-Leninist leaders have failed to solve in smoke-filled rooms. Negri emerged as the theorist of 'autonomy'. Where the Red Brigades claim to act on behalf of the people, the *Autonomi* hope to prod the reluctant people into action. Neither strategy, of course, has much to recommend it.

The PCI's 15th congress in March showed the extent to which the leadership has used the terrorist label to silence opposition. The only dissenting voice came from 84-year-old Umberto Terracini, the party's leader in the Senate. The PCI has retained a sufficiently Stalinist respect for gerontocracy to allow this old comrade of Gramsci his say:

> The Christian Democracy is the political organisation of the Italian big bourgeoisie. It is no more an 'inter-class' party than the PCI, the party of the working class . . . Any prolonged collaboration with it as a way to socialism is a trap.

What better irony in Italian politics than a Communist Parliamentarian diagnosing his party's weakness so accurately? Unless it be the irony of the man who said: 'The death of Moro can only reinforce Christian Democracy and the Italian state.' The man's name was Antonio Negri.

FRANCE

David Bell writes from Paris: Unable to cope with the challenge of a renovated Socialist Party, except by unproductive Marxist rhetoric, the French Communist Party has evidently decided that if it cannot provide the future leadership for the French Left then nobody will. Having sabotaged the prospects of victory in the 1978 legislative elections, the PCF is now busy ensuring that the Left will remain divided for the foreseeable future: it has reversed the successful policy of 'Left union' which brought the Left to the verge of victory.

The ascent of the French Left began with the signature of the 1972 'common programme' – a series of measures for one legislative term, to be put into effect by a Socialist/Communist government. But during the 1970s the growth of the Socialist Party was more rapid than that of the Communists, and a polemic broke out in late 1974 which has continued to the present.

It was under these conditions that the Communist Party's 23rd congress was held from 10 to 14 May in Saint-Ouen. The preceding congress, famous for the abandonment of the doctrine of dictatorship of the proletariat, was generally seen as 'liberalising', but this year's was one in which democratic centralism was used by the party to break dissident action and impose a new line.

Georges Marchais set an unexpectedly moderate tone for the congress with a marathon five-hour speech open to numerous interpretations. He sweetened the party's Russophiles by taking as his text the now infamous statement that the 'balance sheet' of the Communist countries is 'globally positive'. Nevertheless, Marchais admitted the 'negative aspects' of these regimes and the crimes of the Stalin epoch.

A litany of complaints was made against the Socialist Party, starting with the accusation that it is in cahoots with the policies of the

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bourgeoisie. It is implicit in the Communist argument that in the presidential competition between Mitterand and Giscard there is little to choose between the two.

The party's dissidents have been outflanked at every level. The most prominent of them is historian Jean Elleinstein, who at one time seemed to have been chosen to spearhead the party's liberalisation. Elleinstein believes that the party's critique of the Soviet Union is superficial and that the handling of the Socialist Party has been particularly bad; he also favours a more constructive European policy. He was excluded from the congress for his pains, and his TV programme on Stalin and Trotsky was boycotted by the party.

Other dissidents have fared even worse. Communist *penseur* Louis Althusser published a series of articles in *Le Monde* which set off a chain reaction of criticism within the party by his disciples, but the sage himself seems to have thrown in the towel. The main congress 'event' staged by the dissidents came from the writer H. Parmelin, who held a press conference to publicise the lack of liberty in the East and the lack of expression for dissenting views at the congress.

Both parties of the Left are waiting for the other to become more amenable or to disintegrate. It may be a long wait.

EAST EUROPE
Gabriel Ronay

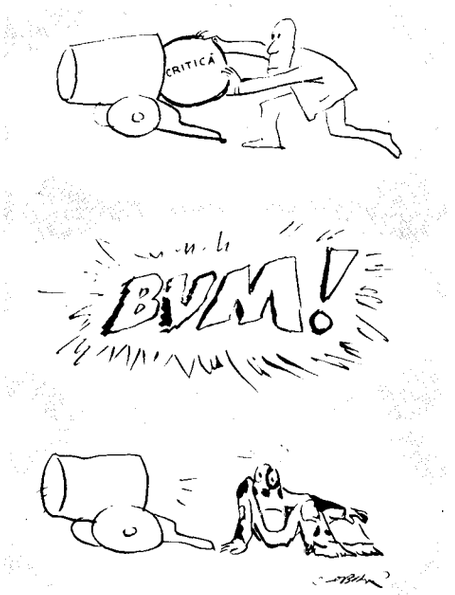
Cartoonists in the Soviet bloc want an end to 'safe grey areas'

Battle of the allegories

EASTERN EUROPEAN political cartoonists are fighting back against the Communist Party bureaucracy which has effectively gagged them. Even in Bulgaria, the Soviet Union's most docile Balkans ally, there are unmistakable stirrings among cartoonists wishing to re-establish the good name of their trade. Tenyu Pindarev, Bulgaria's leading cartoonist, has broached the subject in *Bulgarski Zhurnalist*, the organ of the Bulgarian Journalists' Union, admitting that cartoons on domestic issues were often colourless, their satire toothless and they were concerned with insignificant issues. Today's cartoonists' 'ignorance' and their lack of first-hand knowledge of the realities of life in the country were responsible for the 'platitudes' that characterised their work. They dared not venture beyond the portrayal, he hinted, of the party-approved 'generalised types', such as bureaucrats, philistines and work-shy layabouts, resulting in the churning out of 'hackneyed clichés'.

Slavi Mitev, another noted cartoonist, in the same journal blamed his fellow-cartoonists' 'lack of courage' in the fight against the Stalinist shackles. 'The era of personality cult and of varnishing reality caused profound damage, as you know, also to cartoons', he noted, adding that the fight was still being waged 'by means of allegories and metaphors and by means of generalisations and banal characters'. His remarks would, to a greater or smaller extent, be true of the problems faced by the satirical weeklies: *Eulenspiegel* of East Berlin, *Ursica* of Bucharest and *Ludas Matyi* of Budapest. *Krokodil* of Moscow and *Dikobraz* of Prague

'Careful, sex bomb' (from the Hungarian satirical weekly *Ludas Matyi*). Hungarian cartoonists were permitted to reintroduce 'sexy' naked females.



A depiction of how criticism of the authorities can misfire, from the Bucharest satirical journal *Ursica*. Cartoonists are expected to illustrate, not criticise.

are still content to attack Western statesmen in Cold War style and praise their own in sychophantic subservience.

It was the Hungarian cartoonists who – as in the field of literature and economics – pushed for liberalisation with the greatest vigour. If they could not be allowed to go beyond the limits thought safe by the Communist Party, they were at least permitted, as a consolation prize, to reintroduce sexy naked females and bedroom scenes into their cartoons. They are fighting on for the political right they once considered their birthright to poke fun at the authorities and pillory their foibles. An extraordinary conference not long ago of the editors and leading cartoonists of Hungarian satirical journals demanded bluntly that the genre be freed of the shackles imposed on it during the years of Stalinist terror.

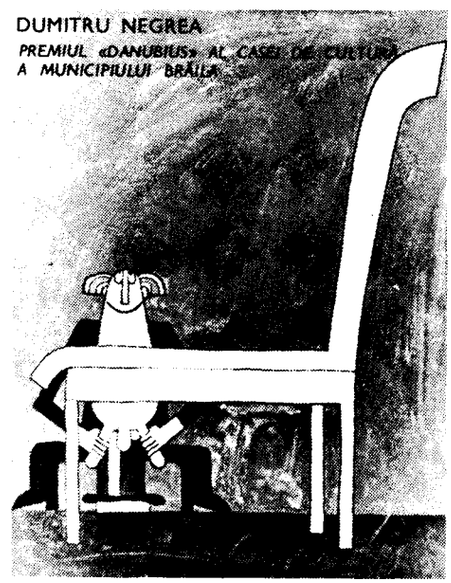
Andras Meszaros, the secretary of the party-controlled Association of Artists, declared: 'Cartoonists justly claim the right, despite the practice of the recent decades, to voice their *own opinions* and have their say in the development of the country's social, intellectual and political life in a truly creative manner'.

This is still a tall order in Hungary, where cartoonists are expected to illustrate, rather than criticise, the policies of the party. As a result of the mentality instilled in the party by such literary policemen as Jozsef Revai, cartoonists are expected to reserve their satire for the bumblings of the West and never to ridicule the honest and upright 'politicians of the people' in the East.

Cartoonists in Hungary, where Vicky of the *Evening Standard* learned his trade, find it humiliating to be forced to operate in the 'safe grey areas' of national and international events and not to be allowed to touch on issues of national importance without specific party permission in the form of leading articles in the party newspaper *Nepszabadsag*. 'In our country political cartoons resemble foreign affairs cartoons in that they have mock boldness and a sham combative spirit . . . If an editorial has already been written about a certain subject or the television has dealt with the matter, then a cartoon is also permitted about it,' Mr Meszaros said.

Jozsef Arkus, the editor of *Ludas Matyi*, the country's leading satirical weekly, also attended the conference which was organised by the staff of the periodical *Kritika*. He attacked the 'coyness' of the authorities when confronted with a truly biting cartoon of a Hungarian politician. Blaming the Stalinist era for the 'fading away' of the political cartoons in Hungary, he admitted that the battle to regain an honoured place for political cartoons must be part of 'a general change in the country's overall political atmosphere'.

Although there has been no change in Hungary's political atmosphere, Mr Arkus has not been dismissed from his editorial chair and, to judge by the tone of his satirical weekly since the conference, he has been slowly expanding the cartoonists' coverage of political subjects. The success of such campaigns throughout Eastern Europe depends on the view Moscow takes of the power of political caricatures.



From *Ursica*, this cartoon on the theme of bureaucratic corruption was awarded the 'Danubius' prize. But will the authorities see the joke?

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London Diary

☐ It might be impossible to serve both God and Mammon, but the Rev. Nicholas Stacey, director of social services for Kent, is having a damn good try. Along with his wife and Col. Ronnie Adam of the Seaforth Highlanders (retd) he has set up a company to sell the English way of life to rich American Christians. For a mere thousand dollars – excluding air fare – aspirant gentlefolk are offered accommodation in genuine upper middle-class homes – four nights in Chichester, four in Canterbury, three in Cambridge, with dinners at stately homes, as many flying buttresses as the mind can encompass, and honey still for tea on well-kept greenswards.

'Money is not the prime purpose, and the profits have yet to come', Mr. Stacey says. 'The venture is very much in the spirit of the new entrepreneurial age. It is life-enhancing both for Americans and for the retired admirals and so on who will be entertaining them. It's an attempt to bring together what Americans lack and want, and we have and can profitably share, in the way of mediaeval churches, beautiful country houses and cathedrals'. While not in any way impugning Mr Stacey's altruism (he was rector of Woolwich during the *Honest to God* era, and deputy director of Oxfam) I have to admire his businesslike attitude. 'The way we're marketing it', he explained, 'is to write personally to ministers of religion in the US, asking them to get together 40 or 50 members of their congregation to come on the trip. The incentive is that the ministers get a free holiday or a cash bonus.' The English Tourist Board might well take a leaf from the Good Book.

☐ Notoriously fond of a drink, brass-players try to outdo each other in scaling new heights of insobriety. The clear winner so far this year was the tuba-player in the band of musicians gracing a performance last week of *Love's Labours Lost* at the Aldwych. He had, he explained afterwards, been 'on the piss' all day and arrived for the evening show 'well-Olivered'. His playing was not much affected, and the audience realised something oddly unShakespearean was going on only when, laying aside his tuba, he began to remove the costumes of his fellow-musicians. Leaving himself until last, he then cast off his own clothing and left the stage, swearing gently about nothing in particular. 'Anyway, it's a rotten play,' he defended himself, perhaps unnecessarily. He has had three letters of congratulation from members of the audience who share his dramatic insight.

☐ Cross-cultural confusion is common enough. Call it *Eurogala* in honour of the first elections to the European Parliament, put it on at a West End theatre and you have something different: an evening of such refined chaos as to attain the stature of art.

Last Sunday, the audience (black tie) were not quite sure how to deal with Lord Grade's mixture of pop, ballet, circus and classical music. They applauded every movement of the Vivaldi, hoping it was the last, and even managed to cheer halfway through the coda of Brahms's *Academic Festival Overture*. The performers came off little better. Two stars from La Scala, Milan, used to the operatic draw-curtain, were completely thrown by the drop-curtain at the Theatre Royal, which guillotined behind them as they took their bow. Refusing to go round the wings (blocked by television cables) they ended up pounding on the curtain with their fists, unable to leave the stage.

Connoisseurs of the absurd cherished most, however, the evening's finale – a performance by the LSO Chorus and the 100-strong EEC Youth Orchestra, expensively reassembled for the occasion, of the last movement of Beethoven's 9th, whose theme, the *Ode to Joy*, is the EEC's signature tune. Someone had decided that they should play only the last six minutes of the movement which contains no recognisable statement of the *Ode to Joy* theme. Confusion was worse confounded by the fact that microphones had been placed, pop-style, in front of the four soloists, whose tortured quartet drowned out both orchestra and choir. The resultant cacophony was such that Lord Mountbatten, nodding off in the Royal box, suddenly woke up and for some reason leapt to his feet. Exchanging quizzical looks, his companions, Ted Heath and Roy Jenkins, followed suit, imitated by a puzzled audience.

There is a precedent. George II, asleep at the first performance of the *Messiah*, absent-mindedly stood up during the Hallelujah chorus, thinking it was the national anthem. This quirk became a custom, now religiously followed. Maybe, after Mountbatten's initiative, the same will happen with Beethoven's 9th; at least we will have that to our EEC credit.

☐ Health is a killer. Inexplicably, I found myself on a health week in the Austrian Tyrol. 'Hands up all those vegetarians who have not had their egg', the Grüppenfuhrer said. My friend Derek and I tried carrot juice for a day, but gave up in favour of bacon and eggs and healthy exercise: it proved even more dangerous than whole-foods. Up above Innsbruck, only ten days ago, there was a howling blizzard, a seven-foot wall on one side, a sheer precipice 7,000 feet down on the other. 'STOP!', a red notice said, 'Danger of occasional avalanches!' I dug my stilettos in and refused to move until a large vodka had been brought.

Small Alps were no better. Climbing up to the snowline, my friend thought it might be a good idea to take a resonant photograph just to prove to everyone that it was possible to sunbathe in the snow, so I obligingly stripped down to my Janet Reger. There being no towels around, I had to dry my feet on a rock, setting off an occasional avalanche which crushed my left ankle. We needed several stiff drinks at an Alpine Gasthof before setting off on the *Waldwanderweg*, until that day buried deep in snow for six months. At the same time, on the lower road, a herd of cows and an accompanying bull, all frisky after release from winter quarters, set off. Yes, of course the two roads coalesced, but we stood prudently twenty feet higher, until they had passed. Down below, a car stopped to let the cows pass but failed to see the bull. They switched on the ignition, the bull went beserk and instead of following its mates, turned into the high road, and charged snorting. Not even stopping to think, I slid down the vertical 20-foot drop hindered only by boulders, snow and small conifers. At least I have bruises to prove how healthy I am.

☐ I had not considered the wastage of natural resources in the art world until I heard about consumable prints. Consumable art is the idea of Rosemary Simmons, who invites artists to send in edible prints for exhibition at the Jordan Gallery, Camden Lock, in November. She suggests a base of rhubarb (stems, not leaves, which are poisonous) rice paper or cabbage. Edible water-based colours are available, as are more normal supermarket ingredients like paprika, turmeric, charcoal and spinach. Up to 25 per cent collage is allowed, giving rein to three-dimensional fantasies with nuts, raisins and the like. The advantages are obvious. The artist creates, the buyer consumes, and the market is left wide open. 'It is the ultimate bio-degradable art,' Miss Simmons says. 'I've been experimenting for years with cocoa and cooking oil. It ought to be a great challenge to all print-makers – ingenious and nourishing.' The rules are strict. Works have to be genuine prints, made entirely of edible materials. As the works are by their nature ephemeral, no insurance is offered, but the base material can go up to ¼ in. thick, if made from baked dough, pastry or biscuit. There is only one *caveat*. Every entrant, in addition to specifying the base, colouring and collage materials used, has to sign a form: 'I declare that this information is correct and that I agree to eat my print in public if challenged.' It sounds more fun than eating one's words – even if printed on rice-paper.

☐ Attempts by Texans to colonise the Rocky Mountains for the purpose of building ski resorts have not gone down well with the locals. On the wall of the men's room in a Vail nightclub is the graffiti: 'If God had wanted Texans to ski He would have made bullshit white.'

Ruth Hall

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ 'At times the cafe has been full of drunks and it's been a nightmare in here', said one worker. 'We're pacifists and that makes it hard to get rid of some people.' – *Oxford Journal* (G. Smith)

☐ New Luton East MP Mr Graham Bright (Con) has been shocked by the refusal of some Labour MPs to pick up the Bible during a Commons swearing-in ceremony. After the ceremony he said: 'There were a tremendous number of socialists who refused to hold the Bible. They have an affirmation without the Bible instead. It was staggering.' – *Luton News* (Tim Hopkins)

☐ Where can I find out more about the Brontes? I've been interested ever since I heard Kate Bush singing 'Wuthering Heights' – Letter in *Daily Express* (John O'Sullivan)

☐ Dorneywood, the official country home of the Foreign Secretary, is not expected to be used by Lord Carrington. 'I don't think we will live there,' said Lady Carrington today. 'One has one's own country home close by at Princes Risborough.' – *Evening Standard* (Brenda Rowe)

☐ The prizes were presented by the Marquess of Hertford, there to represent the Heart of England Tourist Board. 'I do think it is important for visitors to the West Midlands to meet the English. The only people they do meet are often the Italian waiters in their hotel. I think we're all much nicer than that.' – *Sunday Times* (Donald Mather)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Racism and the Front

Two weeks ago Christopher T. Husbands and Jude England presented their survey of potential support for the National Front, and argued that the Front should be banned.

Sir, Thank you for publishing the trenchant Swiftian satire, 'The Hidden Support For Racism'. Its mercilessly comic exposure of the intellectual bankruptcy of the Left when confronted by what appears to be a genuinely popular-based pro-Nazi movement, the National Front, was welcome in this time of gloom and soul-searching. So 'there is the disquieting possibility of the NF's resurgence' because, when closely examined, 'almost half the white voters in the 18 to 21 year old range could be classed as supporters or sympathisers . . .' Of course the way to deal with this phenomenon – the result of years of quietly effective propaganda in pubs and on the shop floor as well as loudly Hitlerian tirades – is to ban the NF, as Christopher Husbands and Jude England suggest. Nothing crude, mind, a 'better and more hopeful model' is how discreetly the Dutch have muzzled their *Nederlandse Volksunie* fascists.

How brilliant! I congratulate the authors on their cautiously legalistic language, their political morals and their solution to the deep-seated problems of unemployment, bad housing and inflationary fears felt by that section of the nation which uses the NF (as the NF uses them) to express an outrage which the Labour Party has almost totally failed to understand or channel. And how charmingly subtle of Husbands and England to suggest amending the Public Order Act – because we all know they know that the likeliest beneficiary of any banning order will be the Left, not the Right. I have often observed we on the Left lack a sense of irony. May I apologise for my gross error?

CLANCY SIGAL

London W1

Sir, The appearance in the NEW STATESMAN of an article advocating the legal proscription of the National Front is predictable but regrettable – predictable, because so many people on the Left think that the way to deal with the extreme Right is to ban it; but regrettable, because they ought to know better.

Husbands and England argue that the National Front should be banned, not because of its 'deviant extremism', but because its racist policies are supported by such a large proportion of the population that its fascist leaders might win power. They admit that 'such an argument is open to the objection that it involves all sorts of constitutional complications and inconsistencies'; a more serious objection is that it implies a stronger government dictatorship than anything known in this country for a century and a half, except during a general strike or a world war.

Husbands and England offer a 'further and stronger argument' – that the presence of the National Front in some areas 'is likely to lead to vigilantist harassment against isolated black groups', and that 'a movement whose doctrines and mere existence can only encourage racist attacks' does have a questionable right to continue in being'. The objection to this argument is that the case for the collective responsibility of the National Front for such outrages hasn't even been put, let alone proved.

Husbands and England conclude that there should be a 'blanket', 'centrally directed and enforced' ban of the National Front by new legislation. They prefer to follow not the French method, since this also involves banning left-wing organisations, but the Dutch method, since this merely involves banning an organisation because 'its purpose or activities violate public order or good morals'.

There are two general arguments against this proposal. The pragmatic argument is that such a ban could – and no doubt would – be applied to the Left as much as if not more than to the Right. How could legal proscription be confined to organisations with racist policies and not be extended to organisations with revolutionary policies, or to organisations which plan demonstrations of direct action or civil disobedience, or which challenge social or religious orthodoxy, or which try to publish government secrets or to disaffect government employees? Haven't we yet learnt that freedom is indivisible, and that in any attack on freedom we come off worst?

The principled argument is that such a ban would mean the end of the civil liberties which have been won from governments during the past century and a half, under which every organisation and every individual in this more or less free society is presumed innocent until proved guilty. It would mean that the objectionable practice of suspicion be extended from street crime to national politics, and that the objectionable practice of proscription would be extended from Northern Ireland to the whole of Britain. It would mean that the National Front would become martyrs, and that racism would be driven underground. Haven't we yet learnt that the attempt to make incitement to racial hatred a criminal offence has done more harm than good, and that the way to deal with fascism in general and the National Front in particular is not through legal suppression but through political argument and social enlightment?

Husbands and England, and people like them, pose as the friends of liberty; but they are its worst enemies.

NICOLAS WALTER

134 Northumberland Road
Harrow, Middlesex

Sir, I was interested – and completely bemused – by your article on the National Front. Quite apart from the fact that the survey revealed what people were thinking a year ago rather than now, both the criteria you use for defining a 'Front supporter' and some of the results your survey came up with make me doubt that it's a leading contribution to our understanding of British politics today.

I was puzzled, for example, to find that opposition to the EEC and support for income controls are specifically Front policies. Is 'Tony Benn supports Front on Europe' really the most illuminating way of expressing the position? Equally, I don't see how Margaret Thatcher can fairly be said to be 'supporting NF policies' on trade unions.

What really surprises me, though, is to find out what supporters of various parties actually believe in. Can you really be asking us to believe that only 36 per cent of Front supporters agree with compulsory repatriation? Or that 14 per cent of them think that the Front – which they've just told you they support – should be banned? Or that Liberal supporters are more likely to agree with the Front than Front supporters on half the issues you picked for your survey? Or that Liberals are more anti-EEC than *anyone*?

When a survey throws up results like this, isn't it a bit like the clock striking thirteen?

STEPHEN GLYNN

Flat A
171 Kirkstall Lane
Headingly, Leeds

Jolly good chaps

Sir, I am glad to read (NS 11 May) that the new jolly good chaps in Mrs Thatcher's cabinet are as well educated as the old jolly good chaps who have left us: Mr Healey – Balliol College Oxford; Dr Owen – Sidney Sussex Cambridge; Mr Michael Foot – Wadham Oxford; Mrs Shirley Williams – Somerville Oxford; Mr Mulley – Christ Church Oxford; the two Mr Silkins – Trinity Hall Cambridge; Lord Elwyn-Jones – Gonville and Caius Cambridge; Mr Varley – Ruskin Oxford.

Mr Benn does not appear in my edition of *Who's Who*, so I assume he is young enough to have gone to a comprehensive school and failed to enter a university. But after all, higher education isn't everything, and he has money enough to overcome the disadvantage. I am, however, a little distressed that the new jolly good chaps are overwhelmingly Cambridge, while the old ones inclined to Oxford.

Perhaps one advantage of the new lot is that they have made what fortune they have out of business – or inheritance (like Mr Benn) – and not out of politics like so-and-so and so-and-so.

GRAHAM GREENE

Antibes

Sir, Your contributor Francis Wheen writes of Mrs Thatcher (NS 11 May): 'To fit in with another aristocratic tradition she had to send Mark to Harrow; she achieved this by marrying a large wad of money in the shape of Denis Thatcher.' One understands Mr Wheen's need to be offensive, but does he really believe that Mrs Thatcher was pregnant at the time of her marriage? If so, can we have his evidence? On a wider point, Mr Wheen seems to suffer from an habitual infection of left-wing journalists – the idea that if you put (Eton and Oxford) or some similar description after the name of a Tory minister, you render him more trivial, prove he is a rich snob, and can rest your case. As an Old Harrovian myself, I happen to know that you can write your contributor's name like this if you want to: Francis Wheen (Harrow and – somewhere, I forget where).

DAN KAVANAGH

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London NW5

Across the water

Sir, Recently I bought one of those electronic 'chronographs', with stop-watch, lap-times, the whole works. Just out of interest I used it to time a journey on *Seajet* from Dieppe to Brighton on 29 April, the third day of its operation. From casting off in Dieppe Harbour up to the vessel becoming foilborne it took 15 mins 24 secs. After that, the crossing itself lasted 99 mins 12 secs before *Seajet* reverted to its hullborne state for entry into Brighton Marina, which took a further 14 mins 50 secs before the gangplank was down.

The whole trip took about half an hour longer than the advertised 100 minutes; it departed more than 90 minutes after the scheduled time and arrived nearly two hours late. These figures do not seem to square with those offered by *Seajet*'s Mr. J. O. Coote in his letter last week. Should I buy a new watch?

RON HALL

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London NW3

Below the belt

Sir, Gosh, but these poet chaps are clever, aren't they — even if they are a bit parsonical. Craig Raine's exegesis (Letters 18 May) of 'The Big Fight' – 'the boxing match as an image of dying – another big fight we all have to face' – produced a vivid flash of a school chaplain I once knew who used to talk just like that. A weedy man, he used to mug up the sporting pages of the *Church Times* in a misguided attempt to ingratiate himself with the lads ('Try to think of Jesus as a sort of referee in the Big Match of Life').

But then I suppose it was awfully crass of me to miss all that good stuff about birth, death, resurrection and that. However, Raine is rather missing the point himself.

It just won't do to plead good metaphysics in defence of bad writing. If you're going to write about death, and choose to construct your verses around the image of a boxer, then the end result should work equally well on both levels. As my original letter pointed out, 'The Big Fight' doesn't. Raine is so besotted with the fourth dimension that he has forgotten the other three.

JOHN MORRISON

3 Highgate Road
London NW5

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Now it can be told

Truth will, as people never tire of telling each other, out, a reassurance of considerable comfort to me for there is no greater lover of the truth than I. Indeed, if anybody ever claims to have discovered a deliberate 'fib' in these pages, they are at liberty to discuss the circumstance with my lawyers. By 'these pages' I mean, I hurry to point out, only those pages that have housed my weekly column (about the other richly fact-strewn pages I wouldn't presume to speak). And lovers of the truth the whole world over will have had, in recent years, cause for rejoicing at the discovery that almost nothing is as one thought it was – that Lee Harvey Oswald did not assassinate President Kennedy, that the tragic death of Martin Luther King was quite otherwise than as reported, and now we find that Hess is not Hess at all but somebody quite else. Encouraged by these revelations to speak out myself, let me say that for many years now, worried by, in paintings, the size of Napoleon's hips, I have had a theory that Napoleon was in fact killed in mid-career, probably at the Battle of Austerlitz, and that the wily French generals, anxious to maintain at its highest pitch the superb morale of the splendid army, hurriedly brought over from Corsica Napoleon's little-known twin sister, Hortense, who took over from then on. I need hardly say that the frog authorities whom I approached with the perfectly reasonable request to be allowed to open up Napoleon's tomb and, with competent medical assistance, examine the skeletal remains, adopted a very stuffy and unprogressive attitude. Like the sadly anglophobic General de Gaulle, the word '*Non!*' came all too easily to their *bouches*.

It is not, however, about Napoleon that I wish this week to write but, emboldened as I am by the recent and above-stated setting straight of records, about an even more impressive person and one rather nearer home. I can only, of course, be referring to Queen Victoria and to that famous 'missing' week at Osborne in the summer of 1860 that has worried historians for so long, that week in which, and quite inexplicably, she wrote no letters, initialled no government papers, and received no ministers. That week in which she, and it is the right word for it, vanished completely. My family has long known the true facts, for my great aunt Eleanor was very closely involved, not because she was in any way in court circles but merely because she happened to live at Cowes, was fond of walking, and owned a dog (Tinker). Although sworn to silence, she left a detailed, if rather poorly written, account of the astounding incident, which I here condense though the original will, on my death, be offered to Her Majesty for the Windsor archives. Meanwhile any bona fide historian is welcome to examine it.

It was on the very last day of that famous missing week and on June 17th that Eleanor, who must then have been in her very early twenties, set out with her dog from East Cowes for a walk after tea. Although the week had been cold and rainy, it was, she records, a nice bright day and she had had no hesitation in leaving both her macintosh and galoshes at home. She chose, who knows what strange spirit guiding her, a path that ran along the coast and which, at one point, skirted a small bay popular with swimmers. Bathing in those days was, of course, performed, in the case of ladies particularly, from bathing-machines, mobile wheeled cabins that were pushed or dragged, sometimes by donkeys, into three or four feet of water, thus allowing the occupant to disrobe in private and to remain modestly concealed until actually descending the steps and lowering her body into the briny. Queen Victoria herself was known to enjoy a dip and delighted to walk alone from the grounds of Osborne House to this very bay where a bathing-machine attendant, an elderly woman called Mrs Grimshaw, saw to the royal needs.

Beyond the line of bathing-machines, pulled up well above the high tide mark for the week's poor weather had discouraged their use, there stood a row of beach huts and Tinker, running on ahead, was scratching and whining in a frenzied manner at the door of one of these huts (Eleanor, doubtless in an attempt to increase the suspense of her narrative, breaks off here to tell us that it was painted a rather nasty lime green and was called 'Kosikot'). Drawing nearer, she was horrified to hear from the interior a series of muffled wails and groans and, pushing open the door, was appalled to see, dressed in nothing but an extremely crumpled magenta bathing-dress, the bound and gagged figure of Queen Victoria (Eleanor, a doggy person if ever there was one, adds at this point 'What an excitement for Tinker!'). Even had she not recognised the monarch, the first phrase that sprang to the ungagged royal lips ('The perpetrator of this monstrous outrage must be *very severely punished*') would have told all. When Eleanor, in a hurried aside, says that not only was the perpetrator never punished but was instead given a very large sum of money, and by the Queen herself, your astonishment will be as great as mine when I first read this amazing document.

A hasty, stumbling rush up the hill to Osborne House followed ('Tinker greatly enjoyed his extra little walkie'), with a shivering and dishevelled queen clutching Eleanor's arm and alternately sobbing her heart out and choking with rage. And on the terrace, whom should they find but Prince Albert, cool as a cucumber, who just said casually 'So glad you're better, liebchen. I didn't know you were coming down. Had a good swim?' Coming down? Better? What could this mean? Who then was, or had been, upstairs? Supported by Eleanor, Victoria rushed to the first floor and into the royal bedroom, to find, in her place in the royal double bed and in the royal nightdress, a bewigged person who certainly looked remarkably like her but who in point of fact turned out to be the dumpy manager of the Ventnor branch of Barclay's Bank and whose name was Gideon Willoughby.

A word, or two, by way of explanation will make all clear (the Queen, not daring to question her ladies in waiting and thereby spread the scandal further, clung like a leech to Eleanor, partly as a confidante and partly to prevent her enlivening tea-parties in Cowes, both East and West, with the thrilling details). Eleanor therefore didn't miss a thing. It emerged that Willoughby ('Giddy' to friends), a wonky transvestite who had had a great success at parties with lifelike imitations of his sovereign, had conceived a violent passion for Albert and his manly charms and had dreamt up a desperate plan. Informed by the bribed Grimshaw that Her Majesty was expected at the bathing-machine on June 10th, Willoughby instructed this treacherous woman to keep away and, taking her place and waiting until the Queen had changed into magenta beach wear (for he was going to need her clothes), he pounced on her, tied her up and gagged her, placed her in 'Kosikot', put on her dress and bonnet and, returning to Osborne, pleaded a migraine and gave it out that absolutely nobody, nobody but Albert that is, was to come near. He then retired to the royal bed and awaited results in a state of pleasurable anticipation.

Frightful thoughts tortured poor Victoria. Why had Albert noticed nothing? Or, worse, had he? What sort of conversations had gone on between Albert and his new bride? *What else*, if anything, had gone on? What if Albert, reaching out for a section that was normally soft had encountered a section that was the opposite? Could it be that Albert had far from disliked this change of scenery? One heard such stories these days. The crazed woman, mad with jealousy, settled half a million pounds on her marital replacement provided that he instantly left the country (he speedily got into tremendous trouble in Rome). And Albert? Dead almost within a year of typhoid and heart-broken, it was said, over the Prince of Wales' many shortcomings. Hm! I wonder. Heart-broken certainly, but for whom?

And so now, when anybody tells me that Hitler is alive and, after a sex-change, is doing sterling work on the assembly line (hubs section) of British Leyland, I shall believe every word.

Roger Woddis

Bed of roses

When I am down, my dearest,
With water on the knee,
Be sure to book a private bed,
No NHS for me;
For though I weep for others
Who may be gravely ill,
I have this care for freedom,
And cash to pay the bill.

I shall not weakly languish,
I shall not pine unfit,
I shall not see the waiting-room,
Where patients meekly sit;
But I shall count my blessings
And thank my lucky stars,
That some are born to fortune,
And some to bear their scars.

I shall admire the many
Who live to serve the few,
And privately shall jump for joy
When I have jumped the queue;
And I shall hire, when buried
At last beneath the sod,
A private jet to Heaven,
To meet my private God.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

James Fenton

The Means of Production

One-Way Street by WALTER BENJAMIN *New Left Books* £10.75
The Origin of German Tragic Drama by WALTER BENJAMIN *New Left Books* £7.25

Something horrible happened when Marxism and aesthetics became mixed up together, something whose effect is still with us. In precisely the same way as that in which the German language became tainted by Nazism, so the language of Marxism became poisoned by official communism. Whether Marxism itself can fight its way back from historical disgrace remains an open question. Success would depend on the profound recognition of the taint. But whatever happens, the realm of aesthetics is the last in which I should trust Marxism. That is to say, I trust it least in that which most closely affects myself.

I mean this, I realise, vehemently. There is something utterly repulsive about Marxism's self-interest when it comes to the arts, and that deviousness for which one is hard put to find a parallel in history. The self-interest of the aristocratic patron presented the mildest of problems by comparison. So this prince wished to be painted as a witness to the Nativity? Nothing could be easier. So that duke wanted the epic, in some ingenious way, to foretell the glory of his house and court? All this meant was that one canto was going to be deucedly dull.

The only parallel I can think of for the interfering interest of Marxism and the effect it had on artists is the Counter-Reformation. In this period, we are told, there were painters who feared to approach the easel without an ecclesiastical adviser at hand. 'Would Monsignor like to give his assurance that the flesh-tones of the Virgin are not the teeny-weeniest bit too fleshy?' That kind of thing. It was – and not surprisingly – the first great period in which artists went mad and committed suicide. The lesson of Tasso is instructive: having completed his *Gerusalemme Liberata,* he submitted it for scrutiny. It came back covered with the blue pencil of the heresy-hunters. So he re-wrote it as the *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, and in the process ruined it. Fine, said the heresy-hunters, that's just fine.

But the effort of ruining his epic had caused Tasso to flip his proverbial lid, and he resubmitted the manuscript with some blue pencil of his own. Was it not possible, he asked, that this passage was just a little bit heretical, and hadn't they overlooked the deadly sin in line 3,749? By now, the heresy-hunters were becoming used to old Tasso and his funny ways. They wrote back assuring him that his whole epic was fine, not to worry, everything was just fine. What do they mean – fine? said Tasso to himself, and he set about 'revising' his work again. When the men in white cassocks came to take him away, they had to prise him apart from his poems. The Romantic age was wrong in imagining that this was an act of cruelty. In fact, the poems were taken into custody for their own protection. I offer this story as a theme for a play in the manner of Brecht.

Brecht. A few weeks ago, the comparison was made on these pages between the influence of Brecht in England today and the influence of Shakespeare in the Germany of the Goethe period. It is, I think, a telling and somewhat terrible comparison. For the influence of Shakespeare meant liberation alone – liberation from bad French models and mistaken notions of Classicism. But how genuinely liberating is the influence of Brecht? And what induces our playwrights to adopt such a deeply compromised figure as hero or mentor? Are we to take our Brecht, as it were, minus the politics? But the aesthetics of Brecht make no sense without the politics. Are we then to adopt the Brechtian definitions of *popular* and *realistic*?

> Popular means: Intelligible to the broad masses, adopting and enriching their forms of expression/assuming their standpoint, confirming and correcting it/representing the most progressive section of the people so that it can assume leadership. . .

This language is filthy with dishonest use.

> Realistic means: Discovering the causal complexes of society/unmasking the prevailing view of things as the view of those who are in power writing from the stand-point of the class which offers the broadest solutions for the pressing difficulties in which human society is caught up/emphasising the element of development. . .

Note here that within the short space of two definitions *realistic* has come to mean the same, more or less exactly the same, as *popular.* As artistic prescriptions, these passages seem to me no more valuable or attractive than: 'I will put my pyjamas in the drawer marked pyjamas', or 'I will blow my nose in the garden, on a piece of paper which I afterwards burn.'

And yet, ironically enough, they come from a document in which Brecht is fighting for his right to work according to his own lights, an attack on Lukàcs which was never published, and possibly never even sent for publication, so dangerous had life become even for the Tasso-style would-be-good. Walter Benjamin describes in a diary of 1936 how worried Brecht was about the official line coming from Moscow at the time, and yet how loth he was to oppose it publicly:

> He is following developments in Russia and also the writings of Trotsky. These prove that there exists a suspicion – a justifiable one – demanding a sceptical appraisal of Russian affairs. Such scepticism is in the spirit of the Marxist classics. Should the suspicion prove correct one day, then it will become necessary to fight the regime, and *publicly*. But, 'Unfortunately or God be praised, whichever you prefer', the suspicion is at present not yet a certainty.

Is this not a priceless account of intellectual procrastination? There is a suspicion. Scepticism is therefore necessary and in the tradition of the Marxist classics. And yet – ha – nothing comes of it.

Of all the figures included in *Aesthetics and Politics* (NLB, 1977), Walter Benjamin is probably the most attractive. George Steiner ends his introduction to *The Origin of German Tragic Drama* with an ironical, somewhat sneering remark on the appearance of such a book in English. Who is going to read, and where on earth are they going to find, the plays that Benjamin is talking about? And would not the author, who committed suicide in 1940, have been sceptical of any 'New Left'? Steiner's aim is to emphasise a non-political side of Benjamin.

> Like every man committed to abstruse thought and abstract scholarship, he knew that not only the humanities, but human and critical intelligence itself, reside in the always-threatened keeping of the very few.

We are offered here a Benjamin fashioned rather too closely in the image of Professor Steiner, I think. Certainly the thesis on German Tragic Drama is obscurely expressed in many parts (although it becomes clearer as it progresses). But the considerations involved – the distinction between Classical Tragedy and Baroque plays of mourning, the investigation of allegory, and the comparison drawn between Calderon and Shakespeare – give the book an interest beyond the abstruse realm of its speciality. And it is wonderful to imagine the author sitting in his café, close by the jazz-band, composing such thoughts as: 'It is no accident that precisely nails and hair, which are cut away as dead matter from the living body, continue to grow on the corpse.'

Benjamin can be as difficult, but he is not as remote, I think, as Professor Steiner would have him. As *One-Way Street* shows, he delights not merely in the collection of arcane knowledge but also in the arcane observation of the commonplace. There are fine, immensely vivid street-scenes here, drawn from Naples, Marseilles, Berlin and Moscow. Benjamin is just as interesting on shooting-ranges as he is on linguistics. He remarks of Naples that 'Nothing is enjoyable except the famous drinking-water', but this is in the course of a study shot through with enjoyment. Was it true, by the way, and is it still true, that there are cows living in upper apartments in the city, which have never been out on the street, and that their hooves are so long they can no longer stand up?

Because Benjamin's style is quite individual, it normally avoids the kind of Marxian jargon that does such injury to thought. Nevertheless, if we are to take him seriously as a thinker, we must take his whole range of thought seriously. A non-political Benjamin is just not on the cards.

> And if the abolition of the bourgeoisie is not completed by an almost calculable moment in economic and technical development (a moment signalled by inflation and poison-gas warfare), all is lost. Before the spark reaches the dynamite, the lighted fuse must be cut.

Did the spark in fact reach the dynamite? Are we survivors of what Benjamin feared? Or is that almost calculable moment yet to come? Again, what are we to think of the following passage, which comes at the beginning of the essay on Moscow?

> At the turning-point in historical events that is indicated, if not constituted, by the fact of 'Soviet Russia', the question at issue is not which reality is better, or which has greater potential. It is only: which reality is inwardly convergent with the truth? Which truth is inwardly preparing itself to converge with the real? Only he who clearly answers these questions is 'objective'. Not

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> towards his contemporaries (which is unimportant) but towards events (which is decisive). Only he who, by decision, has made his dialectical peace with the world can grasp the concrete. But someone who wishes to decide 'on the basis of facts' will find no basis in facts.

I call this reasoning ominous, this language tainted. It is all the more striking in Benjamin because it is comparatively rare. But once one comes across it, it remains a hard and irreducible fact about the man, attractive as he otherwise is. Later in the Moscow essay, Benjamin shows what he means when he concurs with the notion of dictatorship in intellectual creation.

> The transfer of the mental means of production into public ownership can be distinguished only fictitiously from that of the material means. To begin with, the proletarian can be trained in the use of both only under the protection of dictatorship.

When I said that something horrible happened when Marxism and aesthetics became mixed up together, this is what I had in mind.

Craig Raine

Secky

Stanley Spencer – The Man: Correspondence and Reminiscences edited by John Rothenstein *Elek* £8.95

'Diana called for me and we went to the Tate', Evelyn Waugh's 1955 diary records, 'to see the Stanley Spencer exhibition where I should have liked to linger but she rushed, missing the point and thinking him quaint and whimsical, where I see him realistic and proletarian.' *C'est tout*. An earlier entry notes a visit to Burghclere and pronounces Spencer's paintings there 'splendid'. Waugh's characteristic categorical brevity is as different from Spencer's prodigal prose as the novelist's spare drawings are from Spencer's teeming compositions. Where Waugh snubbed experience daily with a phrase ('It was my birthday yesterday'), Spencer left behind him three million prolix, sparsely punctuated, ungrammatical words that are the record of his infatuation with experience and himself – a dense and driven passion that was the absolute antithesis of Waugh's *taedium vitae*.

In John Rothenstein's rather meagre selection from this mass of material and in the affectionate memoirs of Spencer's friends, there is much to support Waugh's brief notice of the Tate retrospective. Spencer was indeed 'realistic and proletarian'. For him, the ordinary was more numinous than the conventionally visionary. This world constantly imposes itself on the other-worldly so that, for example, Christ and the 12 apostles are metamorphosed by Spencer's imagination: 'I want to paint J.C. & Co. like a football team, don'tcha know, sitting there in two rows with their arms folded like this, and looking tough.'

He never experienced that conflict between the divine and the mundane dramatised so compassionately by Eliot in his Ariel poems, where the Magus and Simeon discover a sadly human inelasticity of spirit in the face of apocalyptic events. In Spencer, one can't help feeling, the religious is almost a pretext for the human. His two crucifixions of 1947 and 1958 centre not on Christ but on human activity – the carpenters banging in the nails with fierce concentration; the exhausted workman resting both hands on a wall after the labour of tamping down the earth at the foot of the cross. The simple craft of here and now meant more to him than the metaphysical possibilities offered by theology and it is entirely typical that his last words should have been a compliment to his nurse. 'Beautifully done,' he said of her injection, though the hereafter was only minutes away.

Nothing is disenfranchised in Spencer's intensely democratic art. A skein of wool, a patch of floor receive his concentrated regard, just as the chamber-pot under the bed is brought to our attention in Rembrandt's etching of David and Bathsheba. His letters and conversation simply extend this polite interest to a whole variety of shy details and topics. Shown a slide of a stained-glass window that depicted the laying-out of Lazarus, Spencer concentrated on the women:

> I bet they've done that kind of job many times before, you can see by their expressions as they work that one is saying to the other 'say, Jane, did you have a good time last night when you were with your boy friend?'

Again, when he was asked why the disciples in his 'Last Supper' had their feet crossed, he replied that it was because they'd heard it all before.

It is a typically shrewd, ironical observation, realistic and proletarian in the sense that it undermines the establishment view. Yet one rapidly wants to expand Waugh's encapsulation. Spencer *could* be quaint and whimsical – delightfully so. Moreover, he was a hectic autodidact who read, we learn, the *Odyssey*, *Don Juan*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Idiot*, most of Chekhov's plays and some of the stories, Sophocles and 'Europides', Ibsen and *Alice in Wonderland*. Too poor and too preoccupied with his beloved Cookham to venture abroad much, Spencer nevertheless had an astonishingly retentive memory for and a deep appreciation of the Italian art he had absorbed from books. He was quite capable of sketching the designs at the foot of the Florence campanile, explaining them with vivid enthusiasm.

In fact, there were many Stanley Spencers and just as Waugh was wrong to be so categorical, so John Rothenstein is mistaken, though well-meaning, in selecting those letters that best reflect the public Spencer he and other friends knew. His aim is to prove that Spencer was not sexually depraved, that Dudley Tooth was the best of all possible dealers for the financially feckless artist, and that Spencer's second, gold-digging wife, Patricia Preece, had been white-washed in the Maurice Collis biography and in Louise Collis's sequel, *Stanley Spencer: A Private View*. On the last two counts, he succeeds absolutely.

As for Spencer's alleged sexual abnormalities, Rothenstein largely ignores them. Even so, we learn that Spencer delighted in 'low stories' and that the local builder remarked that 'his trouble is he's secky'. In any case, the Astor collection includes a drawing of Stanley on a double lavatory with his first wife, Hilda, a delicate erection balanced like a long-stemmed wine glass on his lap. On the subject of Spencer's mild fetishism, his interest in the sexual behaviour of animals, Rothenstein has reacted against Louise Collis's lurid presentation and maintained a stiff decorum. The truth is that Spencer was only averagely interested in sex – that is, like the rest of us, he thought about it variously and a great deal. It is time to lay aside the prudishness which condemns and that which protects. The entire correspondence and writings should be printed, or at least a sizeable chunk. The last word should go to the artist:

> I can go round the grounds with Lord Astor and in a superficial vicarious way say, yes, yes, lovely and so on, and both of us are getting quietly nowhere; until at last I am crying and pining to get home and back to that happy homely realm of thinking about myself and all my special brew of thoughts, when all the Stanleys, this me and that me, can come out like children coming out of school.

It's long overdue for sexy Stanley to come out and play.

Paul Johnson

Kingmaker

The Diary of Joseph Farington: Vols I & II 1793-96 edited by Kenneth Garlick and Angus Macintyre *Yale* £25

Joseph Farington (1747-1821) was a topographical artist of no great distinction, whose volumes on the Lake District and the Thames occasionally turn up in the salerooms. His temperament was Snovian; by talent and inclination he was a corridor-of-powerman. For 35 years he was a member of the RA, and though his evident lack of genius debarred him from the Presidency, he was variously described as 'the Dictator of the Royal Academy' and 'Warwick the Kingmaker'. He was not exactly a gentleman-painter, like Sir George Beaumont, but he came from a long line of Lancashire squires and clergymen. His social position, his impressive appearance and his shrewd judgment of men and manners made him an arbiter in the art world. Some artists did not like him – he was a cold fish – but all those on the make solicited his help.

In 1921 a mahogany case containing Farington's diaries and notebooks turned up in the salerooms and was bought by James Greig, art critic of the *Morning Post*, on behalf of its proprietor, Lord Bathurst. Serialisation followed, and from 1922-28 extracts from the *Diaries* were published in eight volumes. Now, thanks to the Paul Mellon Centre for Studies in British Art, we are to have a complete, and scholarly, edition.

Farington started his proper diary in 1793, though he kept working and travel diaries before this date, and in addition filled separate notebooks with information. He tells us virtually nothing about himself, but a great deal of hard, factual stuff about his enormous acquaintance. In these volumes he is invaluable on Hoppner, Nollekens, Fuseli, West PRA, the Sandbys and the Daniels, Dance, the young Lawrence, Copley, sculptors like Flaxman, and architects like Chambers, Wyatt, Soane and Repton ('too Coxcomical' according to George III). He gives details of the fees artists tried to charge (and actually got), saleroom prices, waxing and waning reputations, techniques and materials. On all

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matters to do with the academy – elections, invitations to dinners, seating arrangements, negotiations with the King, appointments of professors, selection and hanging of pictures – he is a first-rate and generally reliable source.

But art dominates only part of the diaries. Farington was a clubman and a diner-out; he knew gossips like Boswell, Mrs Piozzi, Hickey, Samuel Rogers and 'Conversation' Sharpe, and had many friends in the theatre, the literary world and politics. He gives an excellent account of a trip to the Allied HQ at Valenciennes in 1793 and a magnificent blow-by-blow description of the 1796 Westminster election. He was rich in business, naval and military connections, and had the habit of jotting down miscellaneous information: the cost of the rigging of a First Rate, the pay of a cornet of Dragoons, the price of a cauldron of coals.

Perhaps the flavour and interest of the diary is best conveyed by the gleanings, entered without comment, of Farington's corridor-prowling. 'Mr Bidwell says the Duke of Grafton has £30,000 a year on the table.' 'Lady Hyde Parker, who has been indiscreet with Major Bailey during the absence of Sir Hyde in the West Indies, is upwards of 40 years of age, very plain and has a harelip.' 'G. Dance remarked that contrary to usual correctness of pronunciation Wm. Pitt always pronounces the word further, furder. Burke pronounces the word foither.' 'Sheridan has got the property of the Linleys in his power to the great uneasiness of Mrs Linley.' 'Banks Jenkinson is in love with a daughter of Lord Bristol to the great concern of Ld. Hawkesbury.' 'The Bishop of London was an Esquire Beadle at Cambridge. Steevens says He is a Prig.' 'Lord Pembroke gave Mrs Williams £3,000.' 'A puffing advertisement appeared today in favour of Downman which was put among the *common puffing advertisements.*' All very interesting: but why the italics in the last item, and how had Mrs Williams earned the cash? Ah, well: perhaps the learned editors do not know either.

Robert Oakeshott

La Terza Via

Self-Management On Trial by MILOJKO DRULOVIĆ *Spokesman Books* £8.50

R. A. Butler, master of the pointedly inappropriate, is said to have described one of his post-war budgets as 'noble'. Yet it seems an altogether suitable adjective to apply to the idea of 'self-management' which the Yugoslavs say is at the centre of their economic (and indeed their political) system. It came into being not as an academic's blueprint but as a kind of living reflex action against the horrors of Soviet economic 'commandism'.

In this country, given the mounting evidence that neither privately nor publicly owned establishments can grind out the goods and services we need, there are special reasons for looking with interest at the self-managed enterprise as a promising new alternative. But the attention which the Yugoslav system is now beginning to receive also reflects a wider search for what the Italian Communists apparently call *'la terza via':* a set of arrangements combining elements of both the collectivist and mixed capitalist systems – market socialism at the macro-economic level, workers' self-management at the enterprise level.

For all these reasons Spokesman Books could hardly have chosen a better time to publish this English edition of Milojko Drulović's *Self-Management On Trial.* Mr Drulović is a former secretary of the League of Communists in Belgrade and a director of the large *Politika* publishing house in the Yugoslav capital. Though not altogether uncritical, his account of self-management is clearly that of a committed supporter.

At the enterprise level, where it means that the workers' elected representatives are closely involved with policy-making and choose their own professional managers, is self-management a success in Yugoslavia? Even its sharpest critics among the Yugoslav exiles will concede that it is a great deal more successful than the Soviet system of factory organisation. Of course, Mr Drulović's claims for it are a good deal less cautious. And he provides us (though giving no source) with a league table of comparative economic growth rates between 1950 and 1970, with Yugoslavia at the top. We need not swallow the league table whole. But we must accept that in the 30-odd years since self-management began Yugoslavia has come an immense distance along the painful road of industrialisa-

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tion and economic modernisation. Equally important, the human costs of these changes have been comparatively modest.

This book, however, contains too much about constitutional forms and abstract ideas, too little about concrete, everyday detail. Moreover, the author fails to come to grips with the argument that in a market economy (socialist or otherwise) workers' self-management without workers' ownership is almost bound to be a recipe for extra inflation – and he hardly touches on the evidence that this may be becoming a serious problem.

Yet, notwithstanding, the publication of an English edition of this book is welcome: it can only widen the debate about a *'terza via'*. Moreover, two of its secondary themes seem to me to be of unusual interest. The first is an account of the trade union role within the self-management system and its rationale. The second describes how enterprises negotiate at local level with the providers of 'non-economic' services: education and health for example. The role of the central administration in the provision of the 'social wage', though it has not been eliminated, seems to have been sharply cut back. These matters are now much more in the joint hands of those who provide the services and those who use them. The involvement of the bureaucracy is much diminished, which can scarcely be anything but good.

Julian Barnes

Vole Eclair

Domes of Fortune by ALAN BRIEN *Quartet* £2.95

This month's – and indeed year's – news for men about breasts is not contained in Alan Brien's little money-making *jeu d'oeil*, but is tucked away in the unlikely hideout of the new Masters and Johnson report *Homosexuality in Perspective*. And the news is this: a lot of breasts don't – in male sexual terms – work. One third of heterosexual women studied by Masters and Johnson stated that their breasts were not a particularly important erogenous zone: insofar as they considered breastplay exciting, it was because their blokes seemed to be enjoying it (the men, meantime, were doubtless imagining that they were turning on their partners: sex, once again, cutely bluffing both parties). And while you men absorb this daunting statistic, take a couple more items straight in the mush from M & J: lesbians (naturally, but still pride-bashingly) are much better at breastplay than men; and most men always touch the breast in the same boring, unvaried way. (The gloss on this last charge is most revealing: though breastplay can be painful during menstruation, men nonetheless just ploughed ahead in their usual cack-handed fashion; the women reported their pain to the researchers, but *didn't* report it to their partners. Another of sex's little back-handers.)

So, when perusing the 93 breasts which make up Mr Brien's compendium, it's worth reflecting that the statistical probability is that 31 of them, in terms of male sexual theology, don't work. Moreover, when got up to look their most inviting – the nipples aerosoled with hairspray to make them pucker – they may be doubly lying. One doesn't particularly hold this deception against Mr Brien, nor the fact that his 'pioneering analysis of the wide choice of breast types' (note the word 'choice': he doesn't say 'variety') in fact reflects the comparatively narrow choice of pix available from girlie photographers. But what one does hold against as good a journalist as Mr Brien is his truly awful and gloating text; his prose runs its fingers over his selected headless torsos in a way that gives respectable voyeurs a bad name:

> Aboard the good ship Venus, breasting the waves – here is a plump-fronted marine figurehead . . . The Venus de Milo off-duty and in action . . . The chaste little nipple providing a refined cherry tip to the wholesome apple roundness . . . A cornucopia of tumbling fruits . . . Apples-a-pound-pears! You don't get many of these to the kilo . . . Ornamental gourd . . . Ballooning bulbs . . . Rubensesque rotundity . . . A currant on a bun . . . Warm jam on a suet pudding . . . Baked apples, or poached eggs on toast . . . Eggs Benedict poached on muffin . . . Egg on toast . . . Snowball on the hob . . . Dangling goat cheeses . . . Kittens in a basket . . . Dum-dum bullets . . . The steep ski-slope rounding off and doubling back into a gondola . . . These actively inquisitive breasts, protruding like questing voles, with something of the consistency of an eclair . . .

Much of this stuff would have been spiked by *Mayfair*: vole eclair, in particular, sounds like an entry in an NS Weekend Comp where competitors are encouraged to invent unpalatable foods. Perhaps Mr Brien might claim he is being ironic; that his text is not that of a journalist disoriented by lust, but that of a dedicated parodist of empurpled girlie prose. But irony is the scapegoat of the age, and it can't be held responsible for everything. In any case, it's perfectly possible to think you're being ironic and still produce a sloppy, self-indulgent prose. I should think it's even easier if you're sitting at your typewriter surrounded by 93 breasts.

A final bio-bibliographical note. *Evening Standard* readers might have been a bit unsettled recently by Mr Brien's seemingly disloyal description of the breasts of his third wife, Jill Tweedie: they have, he said, 'a certain resemblance to Tartar helmets, look organic and alive . . . though more vegetable than animal'. I'm relieved to report that on this occasion Mr Brien's sense of irony was operating normally. The words are from page 75 of *Domes of Fortune*, and the accompanying picture shows Ms Tweedie to be a slim, elegant negress wearing an extremely pretty pair of white knickers. In view of Mr Brien's predilection for turning women into food, one can only wish him *Bon appétit*.

CHRISTOPHER LEOPOLD
LOONEY-HIME
'A crackling vision of the lunacy of war.'
The Observer
HAMISH HAMILTON £5.50

Alan Ryan

Like a Bat

Mortal Questions by THOMAS NAGEL *Cambridge* £9.50 and £2.95

It was for years a standing complaint against analytical philosophers that they took no interest in serious moral issues. They preferred to talk about the meaning of 'life' than to talk about the Meaning of Life. Students and general readers alike contrasted this Anglo-American unconcern for serious matters with the philosophical aspirations of French and German writers; Sartre and Camus wrote about the absurdity of existence, about the brooding presence of Death and Nothingness in the daily business of our lives; they seemed to think that philosophers ought to have something illuminating to say about the intrinsic awkwardness of sexual love. *Mortal Questions* is, among other good things, a conclusive demonstration that the cause for complaint is much diminished. Thomas Nagel writes with all the clarity and all the plainness of style that analytical philosophers have always admired, but the issues he tackles are ones with which devotees of *Being and Nothingness* could find no fault. 'Death' is followed by an essay on 'The Absurd', and an essay on 'Sexual Perversion' does indeed pay tribute to the acuteness of Sartre's treatment of sexuality in *Being and Nothingness*.

The feeling that what Thomas Nagel has done is to recapture for the Anglo-American mainstream the concerns of an existentialist tradition is reinforced by the central theme of the book. This is the importance of the tension between what Nagel labels the subjective and the objective, or what will be familiar to some of his readers as the gap between the *pour soi* and the *en soi* – terms which he is not too fastidious to allude to, but which he is too careful to employ as if they did more than simply indicate the general area of difficulty. The tension is simply that the realm of the subjective is the realm which covers how things seem to us, and, crucially, how we ourselves seem to us: launching out from this, we try to discover how things objectively are, and, crucially, we try to discover how and what we actually are. But there is a problem in all this; the central fact of subjectivity is consciousness, and it is a fact which no account of the merely objective seems able to account for.

To put it another way: Professor Nagel says, very plausibly, that of any creature with consciousness, a perfectly good question to ask is, 'What's it like to be a . . .?' (Here, indeed, he reprints an essay on 'What is it like to be a

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bat?') To answer this question seems to demand imagination rather than observation, and seems to be absolutely beyond the reach of science; Martians might know more about the operations of our brains than we ever did, and yet remain entirely in the dark about what it was like to *be* us. But it raises all sorts of vertiginous questions, chiefly summed up in the simple question of, '*What* has this subjective perspective?' If there is no soul, and we are material objects obeying the same general laws as other objects about us, then consciousness must be a property of material objects – and yet the problem is precisely that when we look into the object world, what we cannot find is the link between how they are and how it's like to be whatever it is.

But this restatement of the apparent impossibility of explaining consciousness in anything but its own terms is really the terminus of *Mortal Questions* – and for lay readers perhaps the hardest and most abstract portion of the book. The early essays on death and absurdity *hang* on the irreconcilable opposition between our internal perspective on ourselves and the tendency of the objective and external perspective to abolish those selves altogether, but they don't presuppose any elaborate acquaintance with discussions of problems of personal identity and the like. The great virtue of these first essays is that they start from our groping fears and anxieties about the world, and don't at all try to argue us into thinking that they are mere mistakes. Thus, Nagel agrees with the plain man in thinking that death is an evil, and not just painful death; he also admits that there is something worrying about the thought that the explanation is that not existing is an evil. (If that by itself were the evil, then we ought by rights to feel as unhappy about the ages and ages before our birth during which we didn't exist either.) The evil of death, he thinks, is that *this* stream of consciousness is cut short; if we had been born earlier or differently, we would have been someone else, and it would not have been *this* stream of consciousness which was being cut short.

The concern with *this* stream of consciousness provides the basis of his account of absurdity – that sense of a failure of fit between the intensity with which we are committed to our plans, our hopes and our terrors, and the unimportance of all this in the eyes of the universe. Here, too, Nagel doesn't try to jolly us along with his observation that, if nothing matters, then the fact that nothing matter doesn't matter; he thinks that we are, so to speak, driven to feel some sense of the absurdity of things, and that irony rather than despair is the proper response to it. For, what induces a sense of absurdity isn't the absence of some standard which *could* justify our existences to the uncaring cosmos; even if God existed, we could perfectly sensibly find His choices as absurd as our own. Rather, the point is that when we start asking what the point of our aims and purposes is, we discover that they can only be justified in their own terms; it isn't that there could be some other terms which are unhappily and inexplicably missing.

Publishers and philosophers alike chronically deceive themselves about the chances that contemporary professional philosophers can address a wider audience than that of their peers and students. But if anyone can seize and keep the general reader's attention, it must be Thomas Nagel with this book.

Philip Collins

The Greatest

Dickens: a Life by NORMAN and JEANNE MACKENZIE *Oxford* £8.95

Dickens, wrote one of his associates, 'was an exception to the general rule of authors being so much less interesting than their books'. And was the man as lovable as the author? – 'I have always replied, "Yes, wholly".' He was just like his books, wrote another reminiscer: 'No author ever revealed himself more completely to his readers than Dickens does in his pages.' His official biographer and closest friend, John Forster, agreed about this kinship: 'His literary work was so intensely one with his nature that he is not separable from it, and the man and the method throw a singular light on each other.'

Not everyone took to him, but no one found him ordinary, or uninteresting. There was something physically overpowering about his manner, another contemporary recalled: he was not a man with whom one would venture to disagree, and indeed 'he always made me feel rather afraid . . . He was far too sweet and kindly to snub me, but the very exuberance of his good humour bore me down.' Others had suffered or witnessed him at his less sweet and kindly. 'My father was a wicked man, a very wicked man,' exclaimed the most outspoken – and most intelligent – of his nine children, but 'I loved him for his faults.' On another occasion she said she could sum up his mistakes on half a sheet of notepaper, and would begin with 'What could you expect from such an uncanny genius?'

A potential genius – highly talented at least – outside literature, too. *The Times* obituary remarked that 'Even irrespective of his literary genius, he was an able and strong-minded man, who would have succeeded in almost any profession to which he devoted himself'. Superlatives collected around him: the best after-dinner speaker of his day, the fastest shorthand writer in London (or in the world, as he guessed he still was, 20 years after ceasing to earn his living that way), 'the *cheerfullest* man of his age' according to one close friend, 'the greatest reader of the greatest writer of the age' in his public readings, the only amateur who could have become a theatrical star (as Macready and other actors judged). 'I never saw a face fuller of vivid action,' wrote one observer during his first American sortie, 'nor an eye fuller of light.' He seemed, wrote another, 'on fire with curiosity and alive as I never saw mortal before'.

And he wrote those novels, too. So Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie have a wonderfully compelling subject for their new biography of him. The hundredth biography, maybe. What do they add? Are they accurate, just, comprehensive, intelligent? Do we need their biography, after all the others? Forster's biography (1872-4) is still in print, though only in the unsatisfactory Everyman edition, and it should be any beginner's beginning on Dickens. The present definitive 'Life' is Edgar Johnson's (1952), lately abbreviated into one volume and 'revised'. But Johnson's revisions were little more than perfunctory, and his biography, invaluable as a record of what Dickens thought he was doing, has notorious shortcomings as a considered view of the man. Dickens has not enjoyed such distinguished biographical attention as, say, Leon Edel has given to Henry James. Moreover, Edgar Johnson's biography, though fascinatingly and valuably full of details, is vulnerable there too.

Not the least of the MacKenzies' merits is that their biography is the most accurate to date. I would query or could correct a dozen or so details of their 400-odd pages: but this is trivial. They have mastered the scholarly editions of his letters, speeches and public readings which have appeared since Johnson's biography, and most of the major and much of the minor biographical study of recent years. The letters constitute their major source. It is a felicity for any biographer to have, in such quantity, letters so vivid: and the MacKenzies quote felicitously and amply, many pages using five, six, ten extracts from the letters.

Having worked extensively in 19th century studies, they bring to bear on Dickens a richer sense of Victorian society than many previous commentators, and this leads them to see his interpretation of his society, and relationship to it, as subject to contradictory, erratic and ill-judged impulses, however sensible and compassionate he was in the main. 'I am of a rather fierce turn, at times,' as he said, and this did not always incline him to wisdom in his personal and professional life, nor in his social and political pronouncements.

This new biography, doing full justice to the demonic aspects of his energetic and restless personality, offers a sound and well-argued interpretation of this 'uncanny genius' and,

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while its authors do not purport to be offering literary criticism, they relate the novels, succinctly and intelligently, to the events of his life and times, and to the psychic forces driving him. Not having worked (apparently) on manuscript materials or the more arcane evidence, they have few discoveries for the reader familiar with Dickens scholarship. But a fresh pair of intelligences, well practised in biography, is brought to bear on what is presently known about Dickens, and a most readable – and reliable – study results. Perhaps, though, in the NEW STATESMAN, founded by Sidney Webb, a quizzical eyebrow may be lifted when one finds the MacKenzies – the editors of his papers – citing Ivor Brown's *Dickens in his Time* for their account of Oliver Twist's workhouse. There are later studies of the Poor Law than the Webbs', but Ivor Brown's many useful accomplishments do not include his being an authority on that subject, nor indeed on Dickens.

Patricia Craig

Gory

The Bloody Chamber and Other Stories by ANGELA CARTER *Gollancz* £4.95
Booze by CHARLES WEBB *Gollancz* £4.95
Kindly Light by A. N. WILSON *Secker & Warburg* £4.50
Children Crossing by VERITY BARGATE *Cape* £3.95

The content of traditional fairy and folk tales has been subjected to fairly rigorous scrutiny in the light of psychoanalysis; no one remains in any doubt that popular fables are informed to a remarkable extent by profound undercurrents, many of them erotic. When we stop taking these stories at their face value we have to recognise (without undue seriousness) that Tom Thumb can be a phallic projection, that 'Cinderella' can be about foot-fetishism and virginity, and that the forbidden can always have a sexual – often incestuous – connotation. Once we've learnt to interpret the symbols, in fact, they become almost ludicrously suggestive: 'for the life of her she could not imagine there was anything unpardonable in opening so small a chamber,' we read with glee in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's retelling of 'Bluebeard'. The sexual implications have become palpable, but sexual feeling is entirely absent from the original stories which are standard nursery fare.

To supply the missing erotic quality at the narrative level is one of Angela Carter's objectives in *The Bloody Chamber*; but she is by no means dealing in gross clinical exposition. Each of the ten stories in this collection has a starting-point in a fairy tale or legend, but from this point it expands into a new, more elaborate and fanciful sexual allegory. 'Nothing,' as Angela Carter remarked in *The Sadeian Woman*, 'exercises such power over the imagination as the nature of sexual relationships.' The substance of the old tales can accommodate fresh varieties of meaning and reverberation, and although the imagery remains traditional its range of associations is easily extended. In Perrault, Andersen and Grimm the fundamental emotions of fear, relief, horror, triumph and so on are unambiguous, but the pattern of events is often more complex than it appears. The story of Little Red Riding Hood, for example, raises interesting questions about exactly what is embodied in whom, and Angela Carter (in 'The Werewolf' and 'The Company of Wolves') with impressive economy draws out two alternative strands of meaning: only the sturdy figure of the child remains constant. Wise, and armed only with her father's hunting knife and her own integrity, she stands up to confront whatever is coming to her. In both cases she *is* the wolfsbane.

Angela Carter's themes are vampirism, lycanthropy, fear of corruption, the apprehension of malignity in natural forces; but in accordance with the somewhat ruthless optimism which underlines the therapeutic function of the prototypes, each ending signifies an action accomplished, a consummation effected, a fear dissolved. The snow child melts in the process of intercourse – an act preceded by a necessary pricking and bleeding, symbolically enacted by means of a rose with thorns. The overblown, androgynous rose, in fact, is the emblem most perfectly fashioned to express both sweetness and decadence: blood-red, blooming magically in the snow or nurtured on remnants of flesh discarded by a necrophagous queen. Blood-sucking and blood-letting have their metaphorical inverse in the innocuous blood of menstruation and defloration, and the psychological motif appertaining to each is superimposed endlessly upon the other: the slit throat, which represents the broken hymen, is itself represented by a necklace described as 'a bloody bandage of rubies' which brings us back to the 'jewel' of virginity. Hints, connections and associations proliferate, like the image of the bride in the bedroom filled with arum lilies, reflected to infinity in a wilderness of mirrors. Ms Carter's stories are too rich and heady for casual consumption; but they do provide, at a very high level, romantic nourishment for the imagination.

Charles Webb's novel provides an abrupt fall in psychic pressure. *Booze* is the story of an alcoholic painter whose subject is oranges – a dangerous limitation which straightaway contributes an arch undertone. In fact, this recurring subject represents a gesture of nostalgia and social criticism, evolved by Calvin Barnes as a kind of confused tribute to the old couple who brought him up after the death of his delinquent mother. Despoiled orange groves are at the root of the obsession: 'Laundromats and Burger Kings where there had once been nothing but the rows of dark green trees . . .' It takes a critic on the *Los Angeles Times* to invest the orange with deep spiritual significance, thereby creating a host of problems for the poor artist who is ill equipped to cope with them. Making Calvin the narrator is a device to put pretentiousness, neurosis or maladjustment into a comical perspective; only gradually does it dawn on him that things are not quite as they should be. Wherever he turns there's an awful, humourless woman determined to manage or reform him.

A. N. Wilson's central character – another young man uncertain about his future – is prone to startling changes of direction, a fact which is reflected in the somewhat chaotic structure of the novel. To begin with it seems as if the author's primary target is the Catholic church and its ridiculous attempts to turn itself into a modern institution, but this promising theme is promptly swamped by a number of others – international intrigue, the behaviour of watch committees, common-room rivalries, kidnapping, misunderstandings of various sorts. Even the hero fails to provide a fixed central point, since he's characterised by little more than his successive occupations: priest, schoolmaster, grapefruit picker, film extra, research assistant to a mystic. Though much of the scenario is very funny, the book appears seriously strained by its excess of material.

Children Crossing, on the other hand, is short, bleak and bitter, stripped of every protective layer of illusion and frivolity. The heroine of Verity Bargate's first novel, *No Mama No*, was driven to the edge of insanity by a longing for daughters when her own children were boys. As a variation on the theme the author's new protagonist, Rosie, has two perfect little girls but loses them in an accident at the beginning of the book. Unfortunately, the emotional impact of the event throws the narrative off balance; from this point on, it seems, the novelist, while laudably unsentimental, can do nothing much more than render stupefaction.

Muriel Spark

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Elizabeth Berridge, Daily Telegraph

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Auberon Waugh, Evening Standard

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

Pond Life

Then and Now *Hampstead*
Landscape of Exile *Half Moon*
The Lady from the Sea *Roundhouse*
The Play's the Thing *Greenwich*

Misdirected effort and human waste are the twin subjects of David Mercer's *Then and Now*, as they were of his recent *Cousin Vladimir*; but this time it is sex rather than booze that mainly preoccupies the well-to-do residents of the English ash-can. Consider the pubic fumblings of his testosterone-packed plot. 'Then' is 1945, and John Baildon VC, canny son of a communist miner, is in bed on VE night with the upper-crust sexpot, Isabel. 'By Christ,' he assures her in one of several politically-tinged asides, 'things are going to be different.' 'Now' is now, and they are indeed very different. Baildon is a £60,000-a-year gynaecologist who wears a pink shirt, is married to a young revolutionary whose convictions he despises, and has nine-tenths succumbed to cynicism. Thanks to his surgical skills, Isabel is sans womb in Rome, an over-age groupie with a nostalgia for 'the boys of Paris 1968'. Baildon dispatches his brother-in-law to see her, explaining that he wants him to 'clean the scum off the pond, to prepare the way for me'; and the boy presumably performs this task satisfactorily enough, because the penultimate scene leaves the one-time lovers reanimating their woozy palates with a little fellatio. And so back to London, where Baildon's wife tells him he should be dead, he agrees, and our play is done.

Some of this ground has been much trod and re-trod already. Indeed, a longish thesis about social mobility, the problems of success and class betrayal could be extracted from the plays of David Storey, Trevor Griffiths and, for that matter, Mercer himself. And David Hare's *Plenty* recently put those grim commonplaces of the contemporary drama – frustration, disillusion, aimlessness and accidie – into much the same historical perspective as *Then and Now*. It, too, began in the optimistic Forties, and chronicled the degeneration of a fresh-faced war-hero, or in its case war-heroine. What Mercer now adds to this bleak catalogue is, first, the specific suggestion that those who might be building Jerusalem are squandering their originality and enterprise on an interminable search for bedroom sensationalism; and, secondly, as tawdry and charmless a leading man as can ever have slithered out of a playwright's private snakepit.

But perhaps this is the trouble. The play's chronology, which leaps 34 years in a 15-minute interval, precludes Mercer from showing us precisely how Baildon transformed himself from impudent pup into yellow-fanged wolf; and so by the end he seems less the product of observation than of indigestion and nausea. Mike Gwilym's playing of the part, all cool swagger and craggy-jowled charisma, doesn't help to humanise it, still less give solidity and depth to an increasingly implausible evening. Indeed, the play as a whole, if arresting enough in the first half, displays a progressive loss of grasp of character, dialogue, relationships, political implications, everything. It begins in hope, like its characters, and ends, like them, in dislocation and creative exhaustion, itself perhaps a symptom of the civilised sickness it purports to analyse.

The rest of the acting is distinctly uneven, a criticism that may be levelled with still more force at the uncredited production of David Mairowitz's *Landscape*, which deserves better. This begins entertainingly, with Marx's assembled acolytes bickering about the substance and style of his tomb ('Has the committee considered the use of sandstone?' 'This is sheer adventurism'); and goes on to show them painfully reacting to more significant crises of conscience and doctrine, culminating with the emergence of the British Labour Party. The kind of intellectual conflicts that arise from Engels's detachment and dedication to principle, from Tussy Marx's heart and humanity, from the wretched Aveling's opportunism, and from the cautious pragmatism of Hardie and Burns, have been treated more trenchantly by Trevor Griffiths in *Occupations* and *The Party*, but not more graphically and dramatically. Altogether, Mr Mairowitz is a welcome recruit, not simply to the company of left-leaning playwrights, whose number is legion, but to those of political acumen and sophistication, who are lamentably few.

The programme for *The Lady from the Sea* is a sort of travel-brochure, packed with photos of the more brooding Norwegian fiords, and the set is a circle of artificial ponds, across which the actors creep, over which they punt, and into which one of them accidentally tumbled last Thursday, to flounder on his back like an up-ended turtle. Someone up there clearly wants us to know, as if we could miss it, that water is Ibsen's principal image in the play, as well as the fixation of his heroine, Ellida. When we meet Vanessa Redgrave, who plays her with rare intelligence and energy, she is damp, betowelled, and complaining about the pollution of the fiord below. And when we penetrate into the head beneath her briny locks, we find a temperament defined by a yearning for the unspoiled sea and, more specifically, by an obsession with the sailor who years ago inveigled her into a pagan wedding on (where else?) the beach. It is the return of this sinister and importunate wanderer that transforms situation into drama or, some would say, melodrama.

'Melodrama' was the accusation jubilantly flung at the play by the professional anti-Ibsenites when it first landed in London, and it may still seem justified by the climactic scene in which Ellida hurls herself in front of her doctor-husband in order to protect him from the cocked revolver of her nautical Heathcliff. Perhaps there's also weight in the more sympathetic suggestion, itself much mooted in the 1890s, that the play was indebted to Hans Andersen's little fantasy about a lovelorn mermaid beached on dry land. But Ibsen's aim was surely to adapt both melodrama and fairy-tale to his own moral ends, to reclaim old forms for his brave new truths. As long as Ellida feels that family duty and conjugal pressure are cramping her style, a large part of her longs to follow her heart and hero to the setting sun. When her husband magnanimously (or desperately) cedes her the freedom to decide for herself, those dreams dissolve and escapism loses its appeal. The doll's house has, so to speak, been reconstructed in brick three storeys high, and a newly-mature Nora has agreed, to general rejoicing, to stay where she's wanted: as upbeat an ending as you'll find anywhere in Ibsen, though perhaps also one that his more strenuous work makes look just a little pat.

Fortunately, a 'little pat' is far from an adequate summing-up of Miss Redgrave. At times she leaves you half-winded with the physical momentum of a performance which nevertheless has its lights and shades and even its sweetnesses and lights: one that ranges from a timid pain to open distraction, from an oddly childlike surprise at her own unruly emotions to a sudden and unexpected moment of serenity after the storm, when she absently begins to plait the hair that's all along flapped free. Above all, she conveys a throttled, choking dread, a sense of horror so forceful that it inevitably seems something of an anti-climax when its object turns out to be Terence Stamp in a frock-coat.

In general Michael Elliott's production, which also boasts Graham Crowden as a benign and fastidious husband, keeps afloat the good impression left by the *Family Reunion* he recently imported from Manchester. Meanwhile, Alan Strachan deserves hardly less credit for keeping *The Play's the Thing* afloat at all. This is a frail vessel by Wodehouse from Molnar, which simultaneously exploits and parodies the conventions of well-made drama. Those who survive the early longueurs will get some 20 rewarding minutes of burlesque Sardou.

Art

John Spurling

Bang!

Allen Jones *Serpentine, until 10 June; Sunderland Museum and Art Gallery, 25 June-22 July*

You never saw a more bottled-up youth than Allen Jones in his self-portrait at the age of 20. A pale, suspicious face with sensuous lips looks at you reproachfully from above a narrow torso which appears to be bound into its black jersey like a mummy into its bandages. Behind him, however, a peachy-orange ground promises imminent release. Three years after this naturalistic self-portrait, Jones painted a symbolic one, *The Artist Thinks*: his body had vanished altogether, leaving a small, stylised post-Cubist head at the bottom of the canvas, out of which bursts an explosive

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balloon of surging colour – red, blue and green, but chiefly red – with a glimpse of buttocks at the centre.

You might have guessed that such a youth was interested in 'military history, battle plans and strategies', and sure enough, a year or two later, he turned a diagram of the Battle of Hastings originally made for children into a confusing, multi-coloured whirl of soft- and hard-edged shapes and little, scurrying figures. But what one might call the 'splurge' period did not last long. Already with the 'bus' paintings of 1962 – he was now 25 – Jones was choosing specific figurative symbols for his new sense of freedom, and using colours and oddly-shaped canvases to intensify them. A dangerous moment was approaching. What he seems to have been trying to express was both movement and the fact that – reduced to two dimensions on canvas – it was illusory. Self-mockery was the Sixties' characteristic reaction to the dim and earnest Fifties, and the wonderful possibility of playing card games with illusions – of setting them up and sending them up at the same time – dawned on the newly liberated Jones in about his 29th year.

Meanwhile, however, he had transferred his attention from the rather literal movement of buses – having arrived finally at a huge, brightly-coloured canvas full of buses, a sort of bus carnival – to the more intangible movement of the sexual impulse. He expressed this most powerfully in a fine figurative painting of 1963, *Hermaphrodite*, showing a half-merged male and female couple floating balletically against a green sky, but also in a large semi-abstract, influenced by Miró, called *Figure Falling*, whose most prominent element is a thick, curving streak of red paint. The main substance of *The Artist Thinks* and the 'bus' paintings had now turned distinctly phallic.

Open-mouthed, rubber-clad pin-ups; tight, shiny legs, high-heeled shoes; taut bottoms; generous breasts; these are what Jones is known for and what, through umpteen variations, he has been engaged in over the last 14 years, keeping himself interested with changes in the format of the canvas, colour combinations, lighting effects, the difference between thin and thick paint, and even in two paintings – one of which is at the Serpentine – the addition of an actual rubber garment with its feel and smell. The message is essentially a sophisticated version of the old *Men Only* cartoon, in which two men looking at a nude painting are captioned 'This has the advantage of being art and also being what you like'. Jones shows us what we like, or can be assumed to like, as advertised in specialist magazines, but gives his image the extra twist of being incorporated in a painting about painting, equating the viewer with the voyeur. At the end of the Sixties he added a still further dimension to his repertoire of illusions – the notion of performance and theatricality. His erotic dolls become acrobats and artistes; stages, curtains and spotlights are introduced; and then in the mid-Seventies the artist re-enters as magician or conductor (his disembodied head now replaced by his hands and feet) and the viewer as front-row audience.

But the price of being knowing is that, when the wind changes, you are left with the knowing smile on your face and precious little else. The writer of the Serpentine's catalogue desperately invokes Baudelaire, Nietzsche and Jung in the hope of infusing some serious content into Jones's work; but the walls tell all. Our hero has escaped from his youthful bandages only to be caught in a bright box of tricks. His recurring frustration makes itself felt from time to time in the old way, with rough, angry, phallic streaks of red paint which attack and partly obliterate the shiny dolls, leaving here a few arms and legs, there nothing but an open mouth. In his most recent bid for freedom, a still unfinished painting, the dolls have been jettisoned entirely and the red mist sweeping across from the left to meet a large area of yellow solidifies into the form of a stage devil histrionically posed on one knee. A *deus ex machina*? It is a suitably tongue-in-cheek conclusion, but rather melancholy too. Were all the devils shut inside that pale youth content to end up playing panto?

Television

Julian Barnes

Womb for Manoeuvre

Wondering how Christ would seem to us today if he returned to Earth is a popular, if pointless, theological parlour-game. I've heard some rum theories in my time, but none rummer than the idea that he would reappear in the guise of a radical Thatcherite. But on *Jaywalking* (ATV) the Chief Constable of Greater Manchester characterised Jesus for us as 'a revolutionary reactionary'. Christ as – well, Sir Keith Joseph? That, anyway, is the dotty view – and it's useful to have it on record – of James Anderton, the man whose Bible has inspired him to seize more girlie mags than any other Chief Constable in Britain.

Anderton was one of three members of the Christian Police Federation (a non-denominational organisation of several thousand) who were interviewed by Sue Jay. There was a Chief Super who said that if he had to shoot someone it might trouble him as a man but 'as a Christian it wouldn't upset me'; there was a fire-and-brimstone teaching sergeant explaining to young policemen the law on homosexuality – 'I teach them the law and then I teach them the ethic, that God says He does not agree. . . the King of Kings says "Thou shalt not lay with Man" '; and finally there was Anderton himself, all brylcreem, red lips and smell-of-gas face, with the sort of low-church enthusiasm for his own frailty – 'I am not sinless or guiltless or free from fault' – which, instead of making him more tolerant, seems to lead to a greater zeal for cracking villains' heads. Still, at least he's sure that in his macho moments he is acting in the central Christian tradition: 'I am tough when I have to be – and wasn't Christ tough when he had to be? He charged into the temple and overturned the money tables.' The Greater Manchester force doubtless bear this example in mind as they charge into corner newsagents and overturn the trays of *Penthouse*.

I hope the teaching sergeant for one was watching *Horizon* (BBC-2) this Monday. Edward Goldwyn's extraodinary film about the way in which gender is determined began with a Caribbean community where it is fairly common (37 cases in the last 50 years) for young girls to turn gradually into boys at puberty. One doubted whether Greater Manchester would be able to rival the paternal tolerance and Christian resolution of the father of several girls, who sagely commented, 'It was not done by us – it was done by God', and left it at that. The film featured a genuine hermaphrodite (the 303rd in medical history), plus various harrowing cases of sexual in-betweenness, and concluded that sexual character is partly determined by brain structure and not just (as was previously believed) by learned behaviour. The illustrations were disturbing in the way they struck at what we assume to be the rigid certainties of gender; for me, even more disturbing was the sight of the experimenters in this field. What manner of scientist is it who spends his working life sectioning the brains of thousands of rats (and is such behaviour learned or inherited)? What kind of person do you have to be to think it a good idea to clamp a row of pregnant rats into tiny cubicles, expose them to extremely hot arc-lamps, then watch to see whether they go bonkers and produce homosexual offspring? I should imagine that if you strapped pregnant scientists into narrow cubicles and grilled them under arc-lights, then the production of homosexual offspring might be among the mildest of their reactions.

Naturally, the nastiest experiments were being carried out in Germany. A plump East German endocrinologist with a big Volvo explained how he had gone to the 'belly', noted the 'female behaviour' of male 'belly dancers', and ever since had been trying to cure homosexuals. A typical East German homosexual (it would have been nice to know how much of a volunteer he was) was then injected with oestrogen as part of something called a 'phantom womb' test: his brain, apparently, was fooled into reacting like a woman's. I'm not surprised. The clockwork doctor then went on his rounds, taking samples of amniotic fluid from pregnant women: if the testosterone level of the fluid is too low, he reckoned, you could inform the mother (or, presumably not), boost up the level, and save society from gays: 'I think there may be the possibility in the future to correct homosexuality.' You couldn't help reflecting, on hearing this nasty medico-bureaucratic language, that Hitler had had a little go at 'correcting homosexuality' in his own way. None of the scientists seemed to consider that primitive societies react to their sexual 'deviants' and 'mutants' with much less fear and stress than civilised societies: in other words, that kindness is more relevant than surgery. We'd need even fewer mad German doctors than we do already if we learned a Caribbean lesson. What happened, the West Indian father was asked, when your daughters turned into sons? 'The neighbours – they wondered. . . but everything went back to normal.'

Quite how far we are from such normality is currently being shown by BBC-2's drama series *The Other Side*, which continued with Noel Greig and Drew Griffiths's play about Edward Carpenter. Calling Carpenter, as the BBC announcer did, 'the pioneer for gay rights' is not, in a way, inaccurate; just a bit like referring to Leonardo da Vinci as 'the inventor of the hovercraft'. *Only Connect* did

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have a couple of merits – it showed a gay couple (research student and bus conductor) as normal, and getting on normally badly; and it contained a passable imitation of E. M. Forster by Christopher Banks. Apart from this, it was the worst play I've watched since the last worst one. How about this for a scenario reflecting the full raggedness of life: the research student, having implausibly forgotten that the next day is his birthday, hies off to interview an old man who once knew Carpenter, promising if possible to get back in time to cut the cake ('Birthday cake for breakfast?' sneers his dejected partner); after a fruitless interview, the student is about to hurry away when the 70ish old man reveals that when *he* was 20ish he slept with Carpenter, who was 80ish, and would the 20ish student like a bed for the night? And was the historical daisychain continued? (I slept with a man who slept with a man. . . Like Russell being three touches away from Dr Johnson.) It was. And what did they have for breakfast? You guessed. It wasn't just the student who was having his cake and eating it. I am reminded that the *TV Times* has on its staff a person called 'the TV Doctor'. Maybe he fixes plays as well.

Radio

Peter Porter

Bugged

Regular listeners to Radio 4's documentaries and features must have winced when they heard the news that Mary Goldring has been given the Blue Circle Award for Industrial Journalism (worth £1,000). This was announced as prelude to her most recent *Analysis* programme, *Into the '80s: Down Among the Robots*. Ms Goldring is the Margaret Thatcher of broadcasting, and her apotheosis has been achieved hard upon the Tory leader's. I don't impute Tory views to Mary Goldring – similarities are confined to voice, bossy mannerisms and a strong impatience with the British people. I have been listening to Ms Goldring for years and have never managed to pin down the disquiet her broadcasting style arouses in me.

It takes me back to school, or even Sunday School. We could all try harder, it says. Modern Britain, full of lame-duck industries, and surrounded by tooled-up, highly competitive neighbours, offers commentators of Ms Goldring's sort a continuous field-day. She can assert that we are already in the middle of some crisis which most of us haven't even heard of. She plunges straight in with her reprimands, and her favourite technique is to ask the most generalised and banal questions in the tone of an impatient monitor – 'What are the '80s going to be like? Will we be better or worse off, a happier or a more divided country?' Ordinary enough, God knows, but not as she pronounces the words. Surely nobody has ever been so excited by decadence.

Then there are the descriptive asides when introducing a speaker – 'he is a bony, short-fused man'. . . 'Bill Brammer . . . young, blue-eyed and bearded . . . has the vision needed to take the intellectual jump from a flaskful of bugs in chicken soup to full-sized fermentation plant.' It is not quite slick enough to amount to homogenising in *Time* magazine fashion, but it assorts badly with the evangelical fervour of her message. British journalists have been accused often enough of pandering to the prejudices of their several publics, but it seems to me that they are much more frequently guilty of appearing in the role of cut-price Savonarolas, Angels of the Apocalypse with no sense of style. There was much in this *Analysis* programme which was of interest, and, for the most part, the men from industry, the unions and research spoke sensibly, if not always eloquently, about their topics. All such programmes are assembled from cut-ups of tape, on which are imposed the presenter's links and philosophical patches. Ms Goldring is no different from anyone else in this regard, but her personality is seriously intrusive and colours everything which we hear in her programmes.

Liking or loathing a radio presenter is a personal matter, but I suspect that the award made to Mary Goldring is one more indication that the predominant style of radio projection is now derived from Fleet Street. What William Hardcastle started has become an epidemic. The material in this *Analysis* concerns us all – for instance, the prospect that we are on the threshold of a bacteriological revolution, when chemicals formerly made by high-pressure industrial processes will be produced at ordinary pressures and temperatures by custom-built bugs, is exciting in itself. It may seem, therefore, petty of me to concentrate on the journalistic manner of the lady to whom the BBC entrusts the dissemination of information about the new technology. But I do not like to be bullied and badgered and I resent editorial underlining.

Third Programme humour has always played fall guy to radio commentators. All attempts at comedy programmes for highbrows are greeted with statutory derision, with only Henry Reed's stately cod biographies earning any praise. It was not unexpected then that *The Atkinson People* (Radio 3) should have had low marks after its three recent episodes. Humour in general is in a poor way on radio (only *Week Ending*, Radio 4, keeps up any sort of standard), so I was surprised that Rowan Atkinson's burlesques of the egomania of distinguished men's reminiscences should have been judged especially awful. The first two programmes, with great actor Sir Corin Basin, and retired statesman Sir Benjamin Fletcher in the confessional, were rather laboured, but with the third monster caged, French philosopher Georges du Pont. Messrs Atkinson and company struck gold. The satire was ideally vacant, since Du Pont was shown to have existed only in people's unlikely memories of him. The form the programme took was a clever parody of the quest for a mystery man, with echoes of Corvo and B. Traven. Du Pont, the man who first caused chaos in our views of ourselves by questioning the meaning of the word 'it' in syntax, spread the damp of unreality wherever he went, especially in the thought processes of the unfortunate British journalist sent to track him down. This man's inanities amounted to high poetry, and the linguistic tangle which the programme got itself into was reminiscent of some of Radio 3's serious excursions into semantic philosophy. The wit was gentle but at a high verbal level. Yet it didn't eschew the low, such as the lightly added aphorism, 'too many brothels spoil the cook'. I hope Rowan Atkinson and his team are invited back: one out of three is a high success rate in radio comedy.

I compared two hours of David Bowie playing records and talking on Capital and on Radio 1. I cannot pretend to care about his music but I found the Capital presentation more interesting. They had invited a team of young enthusiasts to talk to him while he played his latest album. They were kept so far from the microphone, however, that the result was like those programmes where the interviewer edits himself out. Bowie's charming egotism proceeded untouched through the distant murmurs of his questioners. On Radio 1 he was a muted disc jockey with nothing much to say, although he did play 'The Waggon Passes' from Elgar's *Nursery Suite*. On Capital he admitted that one of his songs was a bit 'insiduous', rhyming it with deciduous.

Television

John Coleman

Inside the Tent

The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover (AA) *Screen on the Hill*
Escape to Athena (A) *London Pavilion*
The Humanoid (A) *Classics, Haymarket and Victoria; Odeon, Westbourne Grove*
The Manitou (X) *Classic, Oxford Street; Scene; selected release*

'I think it's time we acquired a little colour ourselves,' says the youngish head of the FBI (played by James Wainwright), annoyed by the glamour of gangsters, and the observation carries a surely unintended irony. For Larry Cohen's *The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover* is very often a Fortyish melodrama in style and approach, most evidently in Miklos Rozsa's Mickey-Mouse score: had it been shot in black and white to the old screen ratio, it would have been seen more clearly as a very personal kind of pastiche. But this peculiar entertainment – and one might recall that Mr Cohen made the repellent *It's Alive*, featuring a murderous, fanged baby, and note that a small cult is already a-spawning about his few, distributor-mutilated works – has a bit more going for it than that, than merely being *The House on 92nd Street* up-dated. He has talked of it as a sort of reply to the James Stewart movie, *The FBI Story*, made by Mervyn Le Roy in 1959. Certainly the promised biopic side of the affair is highly ambiguous, especially when the veteran Broderick Crawford is craftily allowed to take over as the 'Top Cop' of the title straight after Hoover's mother dies; this switching of actors is achieved with admirable finesse and Crawford's splendidly complex performance (witness his in-fighting with Michael Parks's Robert F. Kennedy as Attorney General) lifts events well above comic strip level.

Real and reconstructed newsreel footage are cut in; your actual Nixon is caught early on, delivering a eulogy of Hoover; endurable

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look-alikes have been found for presidents; and the cast is studded with tried-and-true troopers like Howard Da Silva, Lloyd Nolan, June Havoc, Celeste Holm as a widowed lady who tries to seduce the woman-shy Hoover and Dan Dailey as his constant companion, Clyde Tolson, the one – rumour and a columnist suggest – who may have been something more than just a good friend. All's left unsubstantiated here, as is the final intimation that Tolson carried off some unshredded files after his master's death, the leakage of which speeded Nixon's fall. A number of Americans have got their shorts in a twist over Cohen's film, which he also wrote and produced; over the presentation of J. Edgar's blackmail of the Kennedys and of Martin Luther King; and over the deliberate shading of the Top Cop's character, never less than a bastard but now and then a near-sympathetic one. Most enjoyable in an occasion it is hard to take quite seriously are dozens of sly touches; missing handcuffs when Hoover makes his first publicised arrest; Damon Runyon (Jack Cassidy) responding to the remark that it's all right for Cardinal Spellman to be celibate – 'What the hell, he's a priest' – with the counter, 'Hell, so's Edgar and we ordained him'; Hoover telling the Rip Torn narrator to shave twice a day; Lyndon Johnson ruefully admitting, 'I'd rather have you on the inside of the tent pissing out than on the outside pissing in'; loyal old Tolson switching a bull-riddled target for the mess the ancient Hoover really shot. Hardly praise, but this is mean streets ahead of what follows.

The ineffable George Pan Cosmatos (whom sleep preserve) gave us *Massacre in Rome*, which maddened the then Pope *and* me, and *The Cassandra Crossing. Escape to Athena*, set 'somewhere in the Greek Islands, 1944' is his latest aberration, with some nice aerial views of ruins on Rhodes, courtesy of Ron Goodman, and the total wastage of Roger Moore (turncoat Austrian POW camp commandant), Telly Savalas (local resistance leader), David Niven (British archaeologist-prisoner digging up Greek artworks for the Hun), Claudia Cardinale (local madam), Stefanie Powers and Elliott Gould (USO entertainers whose plane was shot down), and Richard Roundtree (token black). You can tell Moore is wavering our way because he admires Louis Armstrong and salutes normally, without Heil-Hitlering. Explosions galore, last-minute rescues, take-over of the island by good guys, Zorba-dance by Cardinale and Savalas; thanks to Mr Cosmatos, *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. No better is an Italian-made, English-dubbed galactic frolic, *The Humanoid*, 'presenting' Richard Kiel (who was 'Jaws' in the Bond *The Spy Who Loved Me*) as Golob, a giant spaceship pilot, temporarily turned monster through a crystal of Kappa implanted by mad, vengeful scientist Kraspin (Arthur Kennedy). Kappa would make a useful depilatory, since Golob loses his beard along with his reason. Cut-price *Star Wars;* a Robodog; a small, magical Tibetan boy; laser-guns; Barbara Bach as wicked 200-year-old Lady Agatha; Earth-attacker Graal with Darth Vader black helmet; names like dyalexic anagrams. More explosions. *The Manitou* has Susan Strasberg giving birth to a slimy, deformed 400-year-old Red Indian witch-doctor from a vastly swelling lump on her neck and back. Unpleasant; but good special effects and Tony Curtis as lightish relief.

Sport

Russell Davies

Chop Chop

Don Atyeo's *Blood and Guts: Violence in Sports* (Paddington Press £6.50) is the sort of book that 'excites' comment without doing much to redirect same. It is a historical catalogue of brutalities, interspersed with low moans of horror. Mr Atyeo presents only shreds of argument, preferring a cumulative method which seems to say 'Look at all this evidence! Surely it speaks for itself?' In a way, of course, it does, but it has an unfortunate habit of bursting into giggles at the same time. As struggling participants in an age of attempted reason and control, we may find, when confronted by the determinedly anarchistic behaviour of the world's mad incorrigibles, that their mayhem is amazingly easy to enjoy. The danger is that a relentless march-past of glorying thugs, such as Mr Atyeo has marshalled, may eventually leave even the most idealistic reader cackling cynically at his own disgust.

Nevertheless, the place illegitimate thuggery has made for itself in sport is much the most interesting topic treated by Mr Atyeo: a good deal more worthwhile than his long disquisitions on the old blood sports and animal-combat sports. Here he does little more than catechise us wearisomely on the known awfulness of human nature, raising only as an 'interesting hypothesis' (undeveloped) Desmond Morris's suggestion that all sport is symbolic hunting. By the time we have waded through cock-and-bull fighting and various forms of huntin', shootin' and baitin', most NS readers, I suspect, will be crying out to read about something we are actually guilty of enjoying. Thus we arrive at boxing, greeted by two photographs of combatants caught precisely in the act of receiving big punches to the side of the jaw. Their faces look like waxworks in a fire. Mr Atyeo nips in quickly with his personal experience of the Ali-Foreman fight in Kinshasa ('Ali . . . kept getting up from his seat in the sun on the banks of the Zaire to check whether he was still pissing blood'); and he follows up with the inevitable barrage of prize-fighting law ('to distinguish Cribb from the Negro Molyneaux by their features after 40 rounds of action on Copthorne Common in 1810 "would have been utterly impossible, so dreadfully were both their faces beaten – but their difference in colour supplied this sort of defect" ').

Try as I may, I find it hard to be shocked that boxing, restrained as it has been only recently by half-humane legislation, has a bloody and disgusting history. What interests me more, as the boxing lists shrink – in this country to some 400 or so professionals – are the combat sports rising to take the place of the 'natural' punching game. Some are safely padded with conventions and etiquette (judo, etc), but others, like the 'martial arts', have fetishistic gestural and exclamatory codes that seek to mingle brutality and ballet. The result is a spectacle that would have us believe that to inflict pain elegantly is an intoxicating art: that there is beauty in horror. Mr Atyeo, however, devotes only one page – and one typically berserk action photograph – to this subject. He takes a little more time over the even more regressive tendency represented by the 'pirate' slugging matches that are currently fought out 'for charity' in the East End by bouncers, thugs and failed heavyweights. But this is seen as the 'ghost of the prize ring still hovering', rather than as what I take it to be – a violent city's appalling but not altogether inadvisable attempt to legitimise and contain the rivalries among its brute 'enforcers'.

Gangs in every society have their enforcers; and so, more or less discreetly, does every side that plays a team game. When there are bullies about, it pays to keep a couple on one's own side. This has been true in American society, especially, since the lawless beginnings of nationhood; sport has simply taken over the tradition. So 'enforcers', 'goons' or 'policemen' – America is engagingly relaxed about which side of the law it poaches its slang from – are expected to exist, much as gangsters are. Mean Joe Greene and 'Terrible' Ted Green; Bad Joe Hall and 'Hound Dog Kelly'; Dave 'The Hammer' Schultz and Wild Willie Trognitz: these are the names not of gunmen but of famous American 'sportsmen'. Nomenclature in American football and ice hockey is like that of wrestling here: the villains advertise, and prosper. (With the exception of Wild Willie Trognitz, the nine-days' wonder of 1977 ice hockey. He was a fine puncher, apparently, but no great shakes at standing up on ice. An observer reported, 'Wild Willie skates as if he's carrying a trunk through an airport.' After a ten-game trial, Willie was dropped, as quietly as circumstances permitted.)

It is not hard to see why goons maintain their place in American contact sports. Quite clearly their activities give the play a moral dimension which spectators cannot find in the mere display of skill. The desire to win – which even to Americans must sometimes appear a pretty naked sort of ambition – is made morally urgent by the necessity to thwart the dirty bastards on the other side. (This is where one's own goon comes in useful.) Nor need we confine these remarks to America. For confirmation that goons are world-wide box office, one needed to look no further than the BBC TV news on Monday night, where the Great Britain Rugby League party was seen departing for the Antipodes, taking with them the scarcely disguisable bulk of 20-times-sent-off Jim Mills. Not many people seriously thought Mills should have gone – the BBC's film of him stamping energetically on an opponent's head must have further reduced the number – but the tour manager concluded his excuses tellingly with: 'It'll certainly make the turnstiles click.' Mr Atyeo is actually pretty easy on England, restricting his research to the odd interview with heroes like Henry Cooper ('If there's plenty of gore and snot flying about they love it') and typical incorrigibles like Ron 'Chopper' Harris, one of the comparatively few British players to earn a boastful goon name.

Where I do despair along with Mr Atyeo is in his penultimate chapter 'The New Rome', dealing with what he calls 'Showsport'. In motor racing, the Demolition Derby and Knievelism, he sees the circus making a glorious comeback with no safety nets. The expectation of breakage is paramount. Spectacle has taken over entirely from sport. I believe this danger lurks in less obvious places, too –

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in factitious competitions like the Superstars, for example – but rather than speculate on this I will pass on to you a fragment of Atyeo's transcript from a CBS TV special called *Evel Knievel's Death Defiers*. As a sci-fi conversation between society and the sportsman, or the 'sport' at least, it is unbeatable. The scene is the Chicago Amphitheatre, where a man called Orvil has blown himself up with four sticks of dynamite:

TELLY SAVALAS: Orvil, are you all right? *(Orvil stares blankly at the camera)*
JILL ST JOHN: I don't think he can quite hear you . . .
T.S.: Orvil, are you all right? *(Orvil reels away from the camera hitting himself with his arms to keep out the cold)*
J. ST J.: It's amazing that he's only lost *50 per cent* of his hearing over the years!
T.S.: It's also amazing that he's still chilly after four sticks of dynamite!
J. ST J.: Yep, ha, ha . . .
T.S.: Are you all right Orvil?
J. ST J.: Speak to me Orvil . . . Say something. *(Orvil remains mute)*
(They watch Orvil explode again in slow motion)
T.S.: Inside the clouds, remember, the blast is throwing Orvil *15 feet*.
J. ST J.: His head is the most vulnerable, especially without any kind of protection . . . How're you doin', Orvil? Can you hear us? *(No reply)*
T.S.: ORVIL KISSABERG! Thank you for giving us the first chance to find out what a dare devil's all about!
J. ST J.: In-*credible*. *(Wild applause)*

Music

Andrew Clements

Webbed

Lindsay String Quartet *Bath Festival/Radio 3*

Nowadays the first performance of any new work by Sir Michael Tippett is an event. Of late his composition has proceeded painfully slowly; the physical act of putting down notes on paper has become more difficult for him, and the demands of planning large-scale dramatic works have proved mentally taxing. Thus in the 1970s he has produced only six works, one of them (*Songs for Dov*) a spin-off from his third opera *The Knot Garden*, the others independent, more ambitious projects: an opera (*The Ice Break*), two symphonies, a third piano sonata and now a fourth string quartet, premiered last Sunday at Bath. The quartet took some 18 months to complete from the spring of 1977 (after he had finished the Fourth Symphony) to last September; it runs for about 24 minutes.

In Tippett's recent music there has been little entirely abstract musical argument. The Third Symphony goes over from a truly symphonic discourse in its first part to a dramatic *scena* for its finale; the Fourth is a latter-day *Ein Heldenleben*, a birth-to-death piece in a single, multi-sectional movement that replaces genuine development with juxtaposition and collage. In the new quartet, however, imagery of any extra-musical kind seems absent, or at least has been suppressed by the composer. Once again the music is cast in a single span, albeit a single span falling into a classical four-movement structure of introductory moderato, scherzo, reflective slow movement and energetic, bustling finale.

It is, however, some 35 years since Tippett last wrote a string quartet, and since then his style has twice changed radically. There is no quartet that corresponds to the lyrical efflorescence of the works clustered around *The Midsummer Marriage*, nor to the spare tessellated patterning of his music of the early Sixties, which began with his second opera *King Priam* and was perfected in his Concerto for Orchestra and Second Piano Sonata. Yet the parallels between the new work and the older-style Tippett are surprisingly well-marked. His own description of the workings of the Fourth Quartet is short enough to quote in full: 'The general impression (repeated) is from a web of sound unwinding into linear clarity, and from intense stillness breaking out through the unwinding into vigour.'

But the progression of the opening movement from a tightly-knit group of notes, alternately shuddering and still, into independently moving lines and arabesques is strikingly reminiscent of a discarded opening to his First Quartet of some 45 years ago, save for a more broadminded attitude to harmony, a willingness to leave dissonances unresolved. The Scherzo, too, loping along on its irregular rhythms and painstakingly permuted motivic cells, would not be out of place in earlier works.

The slow movement, a curious structure of two statements of a serenely beautiful, slowly shifting melody interlocked with two episodes of rhapsodic, dance-like materials which threaten to take over the movement, seems to me the work's most considerable achievement. Tippett has described it as the emotional core of the quartet; certainly it fulfils his initial concept of a textural 'web' exploding into a vigorous lyricism more surely than does the finale; and its style too, rather like an angular version of *The Midsummer Marriage*, is more effective than the rather contrived propulsive qualities of the last part. The closing section of the work is saved, however, by Tippett's artful coda. The passages of static chords which punctuate each of the movements in turn suddenly take on an inner life of their own, dissolving into trills and semi-quaver patterning before finally crystallising into an austere, strictly chordal passage which brings the work to a halt.

There is in this new quartet a strength of purpose lacking in Tippett's music since the Third Symphony. There is none of the discursive writing that distracts one in the Fourth Symphony, none of the literary/dramatic clutter that disfigures parts of *The Ice Break*. It's perhaps his most successful piece of 'absolute' music since his Concerto for Orchestra of 1962. Parallels with Benjamin Britten's Third Quartet are difficult to resist. Britten's quartet was the most substantial product of his 'Indian Summer' phase, the group of works he wrote after the onset of his final, fatal illness. It is shot through with references to the crucial themes of *Death in Venice*, his last opera, and moves us most effectively through a knowledge of these allusions. It is a curious irony that Tippett, after so long producing works seemingly sustained only by their allusive skeins, should now produce a quartet of almost defiant abstraction, and yet – in the impressively dedicated and accurate first performance by the Lindsay Quartet at least – affect us just as profoundly.

Weekend Competition

No 2567 **Set by Little Keith**

Kingsley Amis's *Collected Poems* were published a few weeks ago; would you now add to the canon, please, with an Amis poem on the subject of either sex, death, or politics.

Result of No 2564 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

We asked for anti-careers verses.

Report **by Fatboy**

No room; ouch; eight each.

Don't let your daughter join the National, Mrs Worthington,
Till things have settled down a little more,
They've had difficulties scenic
Which would send her schizophrenic,
Since there's been a spot of bother with decor.
Things once reached a pretty pass
When the set for *Bedroom Farce*
Had to stand in for the wood at Dunsinane,
And trying to mount *Plunder*
Was a tragi-comic blunder
In a scene designed to suit The Moody Dane.
Peter Hall was heard to mutter
That he'd put on *Oh! Calcutta!*
If the wardrobe staff continued to see red;
Your daughter might do better standing outside the theatre
Doing secondary picketing instead.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

You can bring Meg, you can drink keg, but
Don't join CAMRA,
You can bring Sophie, you can drink Trophy,
Don't join CAMRA;
They're the kind of hearties
Who fulminate at parties,
You can bring Lizzie, you can drink 'fizzy' –
Carbonate yourself.
You can bring Carol, drink Red Barrel,
Don't join CAMRA,
Bring Lord Carrington, drink Bass Charrington,
Don't join CAMRA;
Your tastes would be lost on
Berks like Richard Boston,
I would hammer a man from CAMRA, I'm
Keg beer's Robert Relf. BILL GREENWELL

Get away from British Leyland, get away!
Even though one day you may by some smart play
Stick your snout into the trough,
It's still better to be off:
The swill elsewhere is richer. Get away!

Get away from British Leyland, get away!
It's the symbol of a nation in decay.
To a German or a Jap
Leyland's just a load of crap.
Don't imagine they'll take over. Get away!

Get away from British Leyland, get away!
Leyland's no place for an active chap to stay.
The perks don't compensate
For the pay's depressing rate:
You get much more on the side in the A. A.
PETER PETERSON

So now, my son, you've learnt to write
The sharpest prose that's to be had;
But if you mean to keep it keen
Don't go near the *Grauniad*.
Your style's concise, your wit is barbed,
You always choose the justest *mot;*
But if you would be understood
Don't go near the *Gandriau*.
Your verse is elegant, my son,
Your metres are excelled by few;
But if you plan in print to scan
Don't go near the *Granadiu*.
PETER ALEXANDER

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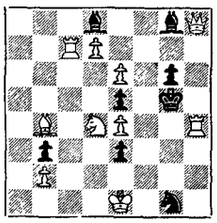
Tony Miles

Chess

No 134 **Problem Solving**

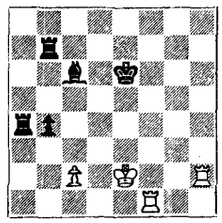
White to play mate in two.



The above problem is the first stage of the new Lloyds Bank British Chess Problem Solving Championship which aims to find the country's best problem solver. To enter, just solve this problem and send the key move (only) to Public Relations Department, 71 Lombard Street, London EC3P 3BS to arrive not later than 30 June. Mark the envelope Chess Problem Solving Contest. Successful entrants will then qualify for a more difficult postal phase, culminating in a final in London in January of next year. The prizes are hardly spectacular – £50, £20 and £10 (come to think of it you'd be better off financially to enter the NS comp. for a couple of months!) – but if you fancy becoming the first *British Chess Problem Solving Champion* then this is your big chance.

As regular readers of this column will know I'm not particularly interested in problems and studies of the abstract kind such as the one above. However, I am well aware that my predecessor left behind a large group of problem, particularly endgame study, enthusiasts. The main reason I avoid this particular field is my own lack of knowledge. On the odd occasion that I do set a study in the monthly competition I usually get two or three (honest) solutions which also quote the name of the composer and year of composition!

Apart from that, the one time I did set a study a couple of solvers who hadn't seen it before found an alternative solution and I had to spend hours checking that it really was a 'cook' rather than just me being incompetent. Undeterred this week's problem is an endgame study, which I hope not too many will know. There are no bonus prizes for the composer or date, but if anyone would care to tell me I'd be most grateful.



Problem 134

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 6 June.

Solution to Problem 132

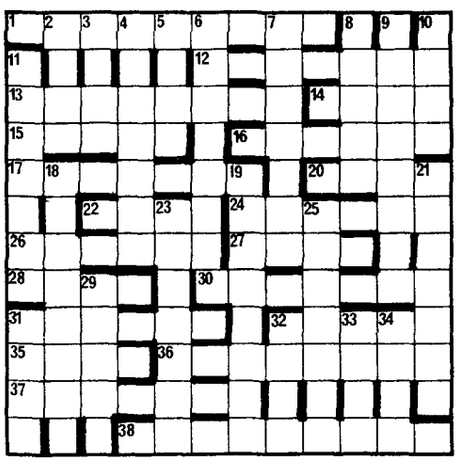
(a) No. After 1 . . . Q-B3; 2.RxP, R-R1; 3.P-KB4! Black resigned – his position collapses.

(b) Yes. On 1 . . . N-K6! 2.NxN, BxN; 3.QxB, RxP; Black's initiative on the KN file is sufficient to draw (White can draw easily by QxRP – R8-R5).

Salamanca 18:

'A Half-hour's Entertainment'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 18, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 5 June.



The unclued answers may be paired off.

ACROSS

1 Criss-cross ornamentation in dried stalks, initially plaited or given final soak (9)
12 Gave an embrace to one wild red-man (7)
13 Describing some glass that's n-not old in a lead setting? (8)
15 Part of the nervous system that once is seized in knock (5)
17 Wayward cliques, etc., lacking use of old language form (7)
20 Small fish in weir shown end of hook (4)
22 What will weave its nest given time? So that's it! (4)
26 See man labouring to defile Shakespeare (6)
27 Where to have found ones like Napoleon once (but no longer) removed? (4)
28 Substitute for meat one's dearest's turning out (4)
30 Mac's kept his feet in prompt time (7)
31 Spangle given to child as a stiffener? (6)
32 Blunder against what's socially acceptable in a gathering (5)
35 How one announces he's not *a* foot in verse? (4)
36 Unlike Regan – a sin to be so wicked? (8)
37 Poet, say, with wig and jacket (7)
38 Runners wielding poles carefully on them? (9)

DOWN

3 Housing payment that takes nearly all of annual income? (4)
4 You'll find shrubs rising in most of a region's small spaces (7)
5 Hammer pane? It *must* break! (4)
7 Spoke perhaps about Conservative or Liberal (7)
8 A middle position, say, not very often pleasant (5)
9 Her hair found by Leo? Delicate after, black before (8)
10 One coming from the dairy drunk won't be! (4)
18 A monument that's not cheap to build (8)
19 I stretch uncomfortably, giving talks to Scots (8)
25 German press chief found in supermarket? (7)
31 US girl lives on board (4)
33 See power of one like Jezebel? (4)
34 Slow learner (without the cap) a weight to Scots? (4)

Solution to No 1302

Prizewinners to No 1302

Anne and Per Tveite (Bergen)
Dr Moragh Noakes (Lyme Regis)
Murray McCartney
(London NW10)

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LONDON'S largest secondhand bookshop. Always visit World of Books at 30 Sackville Street, W1. Open Saturdays too.

ART OF THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION

Comp. & Intro. by Art Historian Mikhail Guerman 5/79. Silk, 31 x 27cm. 429 ills. b/w & col. A fine production £13.50 p.&p. £1. Includes every aspect of the vigorous artistic developments in the early Soviet period 1917-23.

Collet's International Bookshop, 129/131 Charing X Road, London WC2.

'WORDS' magazine published over forty short stories in 1978. Further details and a subscription form, from Words, Markinch Centre, Bowling Green Road, Markinch, Fife, Scotland.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St, London SW13. 01-876 7254.

Accom. Vacant

OWNER GOING ABROAD — 2 years. Must let from 1 August 1979, modernised 3 bedroomed country cottage with 2 cats, large easy garden, abutting stream and optional 2 acre field in unspoilt north-east Somerset village. £110 per month. References essential. Tel: Upton Noble 318.

STAY IN OUR EDWARDIAN London house while we're away, July/Aug. (4 beds, gdn., gas, c.h., mod. cons.) in comfortable quiet road at the foot of Muswell Hill. 35 mins to West End by bus/tube. £65 per wk. Ring 340 2538 evenings.

3 BEDROOMED HOUSE to let. Hampstead Garden Suburb. Convenient pub, transport. 11 Aug.-1 Sept. £100 p.w. 01-455 0461.

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YOUNG MALES wanted mid June on, share excellent house, Hackney. £15.50 per week, own room. Visit Steve, 34 Median Road, E5, evenings.

KENTISH TOWN, NW5. Small house (1 bedrm) to let 30 June for 4 weeks. £40 p.w. Two resident cats. Tel. 01-485 0686.

Accom. Wanted

AUTHOR seeks unfurnished or part furnished flat for self and son (16). Preferably SE London. Box 5227.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN requires share of accom., own room; £25 per week. Central London from June. Box 5145.

AMERICAN FEMINIST/socialist researcher/writer, seeks own room to store belongings June/July, occupancy in August. Nora, 01-352 4159 evenings.

REQUIRED for young student, room with kitchen facilities, or full pension, from 18/6 until 23/7. Please apply to H. J. La Porte, 94 Vrieseweg, Dordrecht, Holland. Phone (0) 78 - 142148.

AMERICAN ACADEMICS seek summer holiday and sabbatical lets in London, Paris, Rome and South of France. Write Familys Abroad, 194 Riverside Drive, New York 10025, USA.

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£4,389 - £4,683
+ £354 London Weighting

A vacancy has arisen in the Union's Research Dept, at Head Office in Banstead, Surrey. Duties include preparing briefing papers, writing reports, abstracting articles and background policy and information work. Knowledge of Labour movement and the NHS is desirable as is background in economics.

Three weeks three days annual leave plus 10 public holidays, 5-day week, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Pension scheme.

The successful applicant will be required to take up his/her post in early July.

Write with full details to the Research Officer, COHSE, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey, SM7 2LH, not later than Wednesday 30 May.

BBC SECRETARIAT

There are two vacancies for Senior Assistants in the Management Unit of the BBC's Secretariat, in Broadcasting House, London.

The Unit assists the BBC's Chairman and Board of Governors and also its Director General and senior executives. The Senior Assistants are part of a small Management team involved in confidential minuting of meetings, drafting, researching and letter-writing on a wide range of subjects involving BBC policy and programmes. The post affords an excellent opportunity for developing an informed view of the BBC's operation as a whole.

The successful applicants will be good writers: they must have a real command of clear, lucid English. They will have good academic qualifications and an informed interest in broadcasting. They will probably have had journalistic or administrative experience and may have worked near the centre of a public corporation or other large body.

Salary range £7,630 to £10,560 (starting salary in range of £7,630 to £8,280 p.a., although higher salary may be paid to exceptional candidate). Relocation expenses considered.

Telephone or write immediately, enclosing addressed envelope for application quoting reference no. 1323/NSM to **Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Telephone: 01-580 4468 ext. 4619.**

BBC

NACRO

FOR CARE OF OFFENDERS AND PREVENTION OF CRIME

EDUCATION ADVISORY SERVICE

We are seeking to appoint a **well qualified person** to administer the **NACRO Education Advisory Service.**

This Service has been run in Cambridge since 1974 and is now moving to NACRO's London Office. It provides advice and assistance to offenders and ex offenders and those working with them on education, training courses and grants.

The person appointed will need a detailed knowledge of the education system and some understanding of the statutory services working with offenders.

Salary on scale £6,005 + £524 London Weighting per annum.

CLOSING DATE: 6 June 1979. INTERVIEWS: 13 June 1979.

Further details and application form from: **Robert Beech, Secretary, NACRO, 169 Clapham Road, London SW9. Tel: 01-735 1151.**

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE CARE AND RESETTLEMENT OF OFFENDERS.

LABOUR WEEKLY

Labour Weekly, the newspaper of the Labour Party, is looking for a reporter, to act as a general reporter and to assist with Labour Party and Trade Union coverage. The salary scale is £4,585-£4,950 p.a., increasing by three annual increments, depending on appropriate experience.

The post is for a journalist with not less than three years previous experience.

Application forms can be obtained from:

The Administrative and Personnel Officer,
The Labour Party,
Transport House,
Smith Square,
LONDON SW1P 3JA.
Tel: 01-834 9434

The closing date for applications is **FRIDAY 15 JUNE 1979.**

THE OPEN UNIVERSITY

Part-Time Course Tutors

1969 10 1979
TENTH ANNIVERSARY

Applications are invited for **part-time course tutors** for the University's new second level undergraduate course 'The Enlightenment' to be presented for the first time from January 1980.

The main duties of Course Tutors will be to mark students' written assignments by correspondence, and to conduct occasional tutorials.

The course is broadly based, involving the study of eighteenth-century texts and works of art of various kinds; fiction, poetry, history, philosophy, history of science, music, painting and architecture. Tutors will normally be expected to cover all aspects of the course with the exception of music, for which specialist tutors will be recruited. The course is not confined to Britain and includes a number of non-English texts which are dealt with in translation.

Applicants should have studied to degree level and taught at least one of the main disciplines in the context of the Enlightenment, and should also have a general interest in, and knowledge of eighteenth century Europe, its historical culture and social background.

To obtain application forms and further particulars, send a POSTCARD to the Tutors Office (T1A), the Open University, P.O. Box 82, Walton Hall, Milton Keynes, MK7 6AU. The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms is Friday 22 June 1979.

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MANCHESTER M60 9EA

CLOSING DATE: 1 June 1979

THE OPEN UNIVERSITY

PART-TIME COURSE TUTORS

Applications are invited **for part-time Course Tutors** on the University's third level undergraduate course **Art in Italy 1480 - 1580** to be presented from January 1980.

The main duties of Course Tutors will be to mark students' written assignments by correspondence, and to conduct occasional tutorials.

Applicants should possess a degree in Art History and should have specialist knowledge of the art and achitecture in Italy c. 1480 - c. 1580.

To obtain application forms and further particulars, send a POSTCARD to the **Tutors Office (T2B), The Open University, P.O. Box 82, Walton Hall, Milton Keynes, MK7 6AU.** The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms is Friday 22 June 1979.

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One Parent Families

Personal Assistant (Fund-Raising)

The Director of the National Council for One Parent Families seeks a Personal Assistant to deal with all aspects of the organisation's fund-raising work. The job will include (a) approaching trusts, local authorities, industry and individuals for grants (b) maintaining and improving individual donations (c) increasing membership (d) marketing publications and services.

The successful candidate will have experience in fund-raising at a national level, be efficient and accurate, be able to work with little supervision and have a pleasant and confident manner.

Hours and salary negotiable in the region of £4,000.

For further details write or telephone Jane Streather, National Council for One Parent Families, 255 Kentish Town Road, London NW5. Tel: 01-267 1361.

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to work in the Campaign Unit, which is responsible for helping to plan and coordinate AI's overall campaign programme.
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also
seeks a part-time

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to help organise International Seminar on the abolition of torture. Appointment: five months, commencing as soon as possible. 20 hours per week. Salary £2,161.60 p.a.
Good typing essential. Spanish mother tongue and fluent English essential.
For application form and further details please contact: **Personnel Office, 10 Southampton Street, London, WC2E 7HF. Tel: 01-836 7788 ext. 289.**

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is seeking

A FULL-TIME DIRECTOR

Closing date for application
15 June 1979

Further details from: **Sarah Murison, The Low Pay Unit, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG. Telephone 01-437 1780**

UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK

LECTURESHIP IN
INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

Applications are invited for a Lectureship in International Studies tenable from 1 October 1979.

Initial salary within the first four points of the Lecturer scale: £3,883 - (£4,631) - £7,754 p.a. (under review). Application forms and further particulars from the Academic Registrar, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL, quoting Ref. No. 40/2A/79. Closing date for receipt of applications is 12 June 1979.

THE LABOUR PARTY

INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT

requires

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Salary Scale: £4,045-£4,970 p.a.

Applicants should have a good knowledge of international affairs and an ability to prepare information papers. The main areas of responsibility would be defence policy and the Middle East. An Honours degree and knowledge of languages an advantage.

Application forms and conditions of employment can be obtained from: The Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London SW1P 3JA. Tel: 01-834 9434.

Completed application forms should be returned not later than Friday, 8 June 1979.

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requires

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in its theatre and mechanical media departments to work in a Harley Street Office.

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Please apply for application form and further details from: Anne Wymer, 8 Harley Street, London W1N 2AB. (01-636 6367)

All applications should be returned to the Equity office by no later than Monday 4 June.

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A residential working conference

16-21 July 1979

For further details contact:

Angela Norris, Administrator, Group Relations Training Programme, The Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, 120 Belsize Lane, London NW3 5BA. 01-435 7111

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35 Marylebone Road, NW1

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22-24 June 1979
Fee: £80

Further details of both courses from: Roz Nelson, Short Course Unit, PCL, 35 Marylebone Road, NW1 5LS. Tel.: 01-486 5811 ext 389.

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BASIC TRAINING COURSE IN PREGNANCY COUNSELLING

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NEW STATESMAN

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Covers, this week and last, by Michael Bennett

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Info 836 5332. New production Mikhail Bulgakov's 'The White Guard', 'The Taming of The Shrew'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in premiere prod: Tom McGrath's 'The Innocent', 'The Merchant of Venice'.

CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE Season. 0243 781312. Season sponsored by Martini & Rossi. 'The Eagle Has Two Heads' 25, 26, 28, 30, 31 May (e.). 'The Devil's Disciple' 26, 29, 31 May (m.).

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3. 01-722 9301. 'Then and Now' by David Mercer: with Simon Chandler, Mike Gwilym, Patricia Hodge, Morag Hood, John Nettleton, Liz Smith. Directed by Robin Lefèvre. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 5 p.m. Tickets £1.70 and £2.30.

NATIONAL THEATRE, 928 2252. 'For Services Rendered', full decor. Due to recent dispute 'The Double Dealer' is given in limited decor, £2.

NEW END, 794 0238. Simone Benmussa directs 'Portrait of Dora' (from Freud's 'Dora'). Tues-Suns 8 p.m.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Evgs 8.0, Sats 5.0 & 8.30. Ian McKellen, Tom Bell in 'Bent' by Martin Sherman.

NOW IN ITS 4TH YEAR
TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN
Hilarious . . . See it! (S.Times)
ARTS THEATRE
(01)836 3334/2132

TOWER, Canonbury Place, N1. Pam Gems' 'Dusa, Fish, Stas and Vi', tonight and tomorrow at 7.30. Next Fri.: Stoppard double bill. Booking: 226 5111 (Mons 6.30-8, Tues-Sats 2.15-8).

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (Opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'Madame Rosa' (AA). Prog. 2.45, 4.45, 7.00, 9.15.

Exhibitions

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Signed *limited edition* prints by Moore, Boyd, Whiteley, Lowry.

Meetings

SUNDAY 27 May 11 a.m. Nicolas Walter: 'Centenary of W. K. Clifford'. 3 p.m. A Romanian Afternoon with films, exhibition and the Cultural Attaché Mr George Brad. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1.

LABOUR IN THE 80s. Young Fabian School, Gloucester, 6-8 July. Speakers Bryan Gould, Frank Field, Barrie Sherman, John Mills, Geoffrey Robinson. Debate Roy Hattersley v. Paul Johnson. Members £22.50. Non-members £25. Booking — Gladys Cremer, 11 Dartmouth St, London SW1. 222 8877.

YOUNG FABIANS: Robert Martin, Organisation Officer with the General & Municipal Workers' Union, *will* speak on 'Organising the Low Paid' at the LSE, Houghton St, WC2. Tues. 29 May, 8 p.m.

THOMAS HARDY AFTERNOON. Saturday 26 May 2-6 p.m. Queen Mary Hall, YWCA Central Club, Great Russell Street, WC1. Speakers: Robert Gittings and James Gibson. Admission £1.

ICA EVENTS, Nash House, The Mall, SW1. 29 May 7.30 p.m. Anthony Storr on 'Creativity and the Unconscious' (accompanies Wölfli exhibition). 75p. 930 6393.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sun. 27 May 8 p.m. Open Question/Answer Meeting. All welc. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

1979 is Children's Year

. . . but not for these Tamil Children and thousands more born into oppression — and victims of racial hatred in Sri Lanka.

We are appealing for funds for these refugees and as part of our self help programme a Tamil Orchestra playing traditional instruments will perform at

Central Hall, Westminster SW1. Sat. 2 June 6 p.m.

Please join us for an evening of
TAMIL FOLK AND CLASSICAL MUSIC
Adm £2. Further details 01-859 3600 (after 5.30 p.m.)
Organised by the Central British Fund for Tamil Refugees' Rehabilitation.

CERTIFICATE IN COUNSELLING

One year part-time course 32 weekly evening sessions from 2 October in the underlying psychodynamics of counselling. Lectures and seminars for Teachers, Social Workers, Health Visitors, Probation Officers, Marriage Counsellors, Youth Workers, Ministers and allied professions. Recognised by ILEA and various other Health and Education Authorities for grants.

Applications to the Director Room 9
Lincoln Memorial Clinic for Psychotherapy
77 Westminster Bridge Road,
London SE1 7HS.

EDUCATION AFTER 16

Dartington Hall School is now able to announce details of its special project aimed at bridging the gap between school and adult life . . . the

POSTERN PROGRAMME

The Programme is planned to benefit both school-leavers AND those who would gain from returning to full-time education. Its basis is this: before anyone can get down to the work that suits his or her ability and nature, they need to 'experiment' until they are sure what that work should be. We offer a unique blend of continuing education with actual work experience. It means 'learning by doing', with a choice of 200 different types of job (outdoor and indoor) with 50 companies in the district.

6-month courses begin on 1 October 1979 and 1 April 1980.

For fuller information, please write to:
John Wightwick, Headmaster, (NS), Dartington Hall School, Totnes, Devon.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
BOX OFFICE — 01-836 8108

Trio Productions presents

SUNDAY, 10th JUNE 1979 at 7.30 p.m.

"THE ANNE FRANK FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE"

To mark International Year Of The Child in aid of
THE ANNE FRANK FOUNDATION

JOHN WILLIAMS
THE RODRIGO CONCERTO

THE SADLERS WELLS ROYAL BALLET

VILEM TAUSKY
conducts
THE NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
THE NATIONAL WESTMINSTER CHOIR

LARRY ADLER
Roumanian Fantasy
and
NANETTE NEWMAN

Directed by ANTON RODGERS

Seat prices: £15, £10, £8, £6 & £5.
Please send completed coupons with s.a.e. to Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London W.C.2.
Please supply.....(no of tickets) at £....each
I enclose cash/cheque/postal order value £.....
Name.....
Address.....
.....

VOTE LABOUR on June 7

and campaign for a Socialist Europe. Join

Young European Left

For details of membership and activities write to:

The General Secretary
Peter Ebsworth
332 Norwood Road
London SE27

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